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● racqueteer

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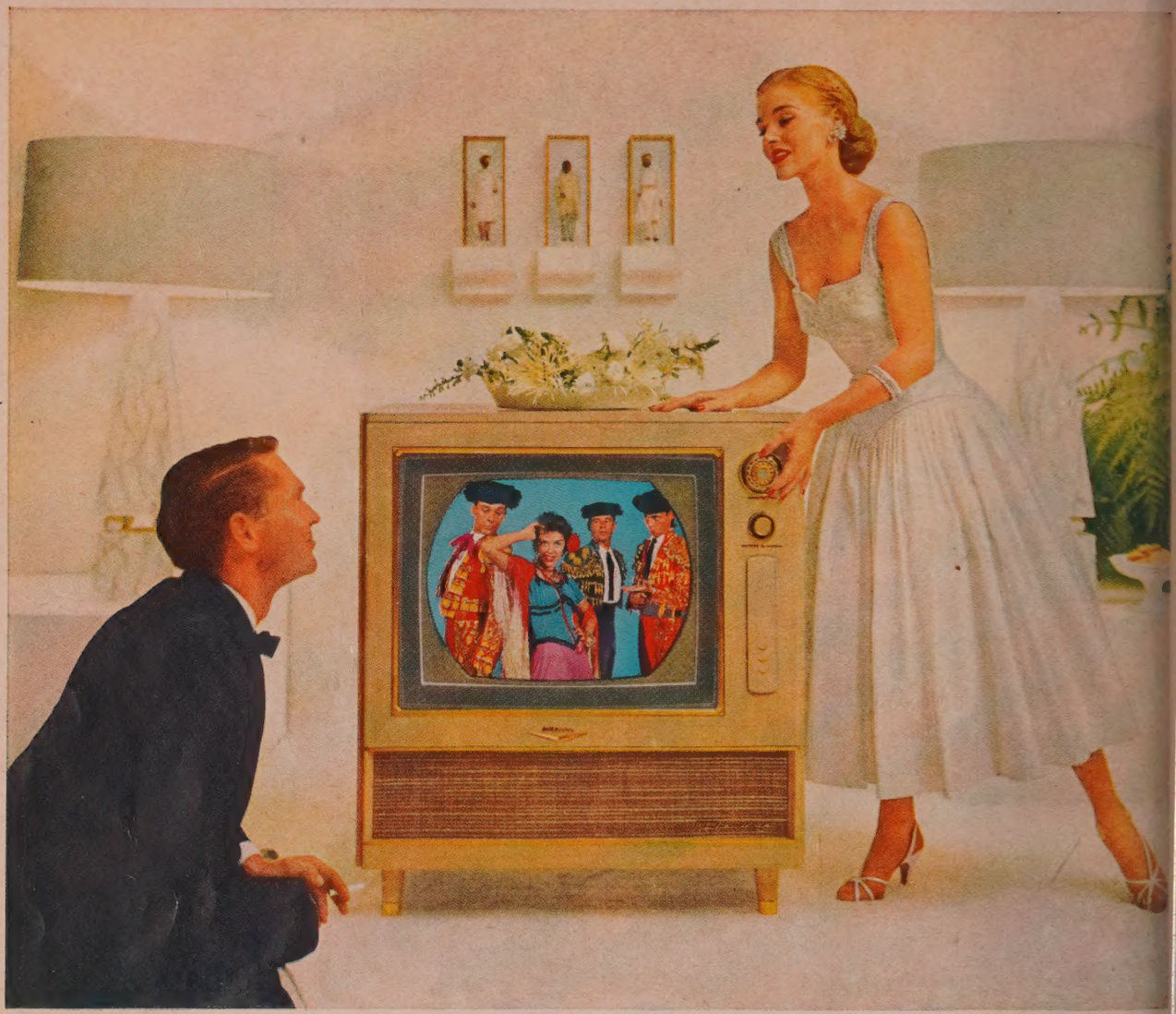
● color report on color TV

● redskin at the keyhole

The Worst Mayor in America



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ministrative Officer
oy Birkholz

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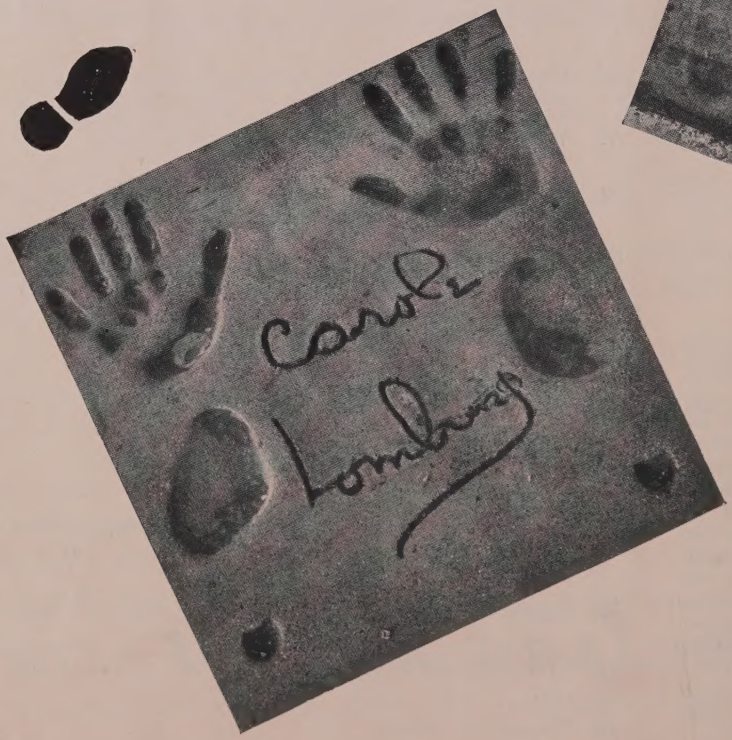
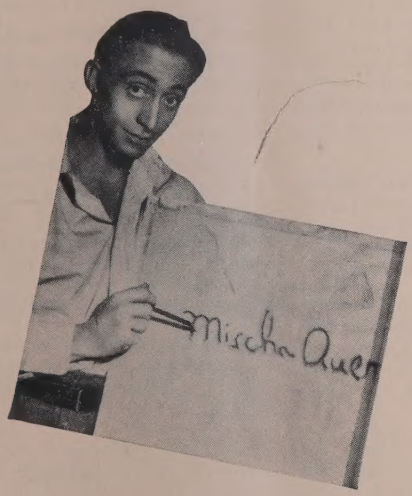
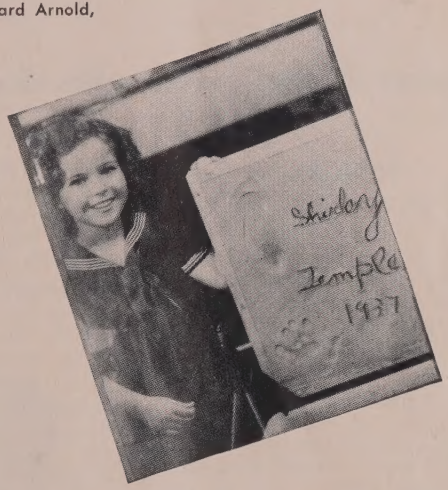


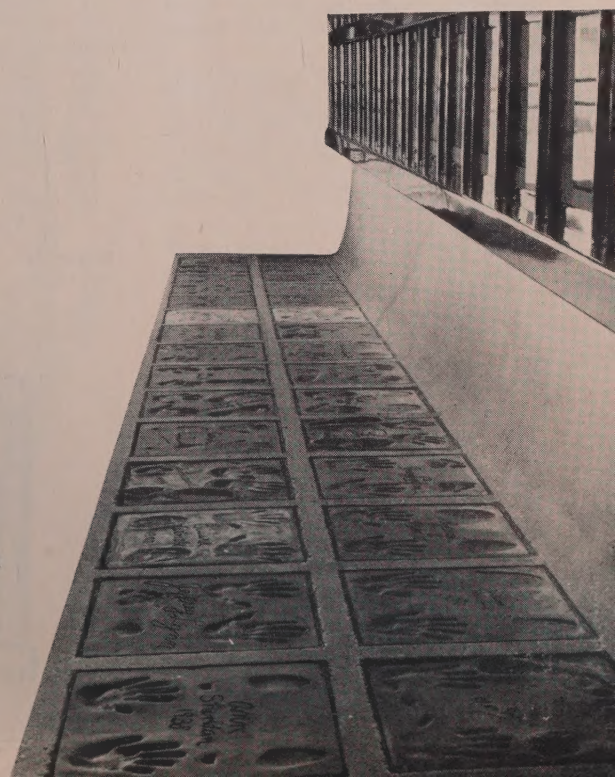
Grauman's Chinese on 79th Street

photographs and design by Don Bronstein

n the Warner theater chain opened the Rhodes on east 79th street in 1937, one of the utives decided the occasion ought not to be "just another theater opening." To that end he nged installation of what the owners believe is the only exhibit of stars' foot and hand is other than the highly publicized one in Hollywood. It is a long, narrow display on one of the outer lobby, consisting of 30 casts in two equal rows along the floor, with pictures e actors placed in corresponding positions on the wall above. The prints were made in ywood and shipped here, but all of the stars thus immortalized visited the theater within w months; several who were in South Bend making a picture about Knute Rockne attended actual opening. No attempt has ever been made to expand the exhibit beyond its original enants. Carole Lombard was killed in a plane crash five years after the theater opened, most of the other stars are still active 19 years later. Those represented, besides the three ured here, are Henry Fonda, Kathryn Grayson, Pat O'Brien, Donald Crisp, George Raft, e Dunne, Frederic March, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Brenda Marshall, Greer Garson, James ney, Humphrey Bogart, Jeffrey Lynn, Olivia De Haviland, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, Paul Muni, ard G. Robinson, Betty Hutton, Gary Cooper, Paul Henreid, George Brent, Edward Arnold, Sheridan, Wayne Morris and Alan Hale.







WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Inherit the Wind. Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). Darwin, the Bible and Clarence Darrow in this serious drama based on the 1925 Scopes trial. A cast that includes Melvyn Douglas, James Westerfield, William Woodson and many local actors in the non-verbal roles. Nightly 8:30, except Sun., 7; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Bad Seed. Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A disturbing plot with dashes of homicide and heredity involving a 9-year old girl. As the mother, Nancy Kelly heads the cast in this Maxwell Anderson play based on a story by William March. Nightly, 8:30 except Sun.; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon. Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Eddie Bracken replaces Burgess Meredith, although Hugh Reilly remains, in the cast of this long-run show about democracy and Okinawa. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Strip for Action. Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Through May 15. Pre-Broadway showing of a musical adapted from a 1942 Lindsay-Crouse comedy. Nightly, 8:30 except Sun., 7; mat. Sat., 2:30.

The Lovers. Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Through May 7. A prior-to-Broadway production placed in medieval times with Darren McGavin, Hurd Hatfield, Joan Woodward and Bramwell Fletcher. Nightly—except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday. Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The second of the wide-screened extravaganzas runs on, filling houses and parking lots. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun. 2 & 5.

Goodman Memorial theater. Monroe st. and Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Robert Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight." May 11 through 27. 8:30 except Mon.; Tue. & Thu., 7:30. Special mat. May 24, 2 p.m.

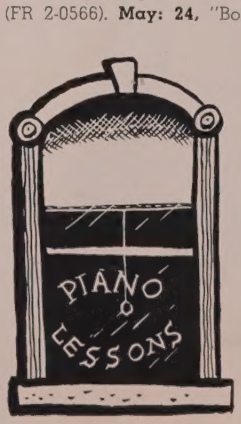
Northwestern university, Chicago campus. Thorne hall, Superior and Lake Shore (SU 7-4500). "On the Town," the Broadway hit about sailors loose about Broadway. May 11, 12, 8 p.m.; 13, 7 p.m.

Northwestern university. Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907, ext. 282). "The White Devil" by John Webster, May 2, 3 & 4. Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," May 18, 19, 25 & 26, 8:30; May 20 & 27, 4 p.m.

Roosevelt university. 430 s. Michigan, 2nd floor faculty lounge (WA 2-3580). "Manhattan Tower" by Gordon Jenkins, "Everyman" and Melvin Rubicam's two one-act plays, "May Night" and "Folk Song." May 4 & 5. Free.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera. Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FR 2-0566). **May: 24,** "Boris Godunov," 7:45; **25,** "Aida," 8 p.m.; **26,** R letto," 2 p.m.; "Die Meistersinger Nuernberg," 7:30; **27,** "Die Flederma 2 p.m.; "Carmen," 8 p.m.



Hull House Opera Workshop. Hull ho 800 s. Halsted (MO 6-6005). "Madame terfly" (in English), May 13, 8 p.m.

Northwestern university Opera Worksh Lutkin hall, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Moz "Bastien und Bastienne" and "Trouble Tahiti" by Leonard Bernstein. May 15, 8

Roosevelt university Opera Workshop. s. Michigan, 7th floor recital hall (2-3580). Menotti's "The Medium," May 10, 12 & 14, 8 p.m.

MUSIC

Allied Arts concerts. Orchestra hall 2-0566). **May: 6,** Leontyne Price, sopr 3:30, Eddie Gordon, pianist, 8:30; **7,** tropovich, cellist, 8:30; **18,** The Weav folk singers, 8:30; **20,** Walter Giesek pianist, 8:30.

Hubert Anderson, tympanist, the **Vocal String Ensembles of Chicago Artists Chamber Music** and the **Latin-Ameri Ensemble** of the American Conservatory Music, Arts Club, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-39 May 11, 8:15.

Chicago Symphony orchestra first c woodwind players including Leonard S row, bassoon, Phil Farkas, horn and Still, oboe. Fullerton hall, Art Instit Michigan and Adams (DE 7-1768). May 8:30.

Collegiate Sinfonietta. Fullerton hall 8-2680). Leopold Teraspulsky, cello, Hansen, piano, soloists, Dieter Kober, co May 20, 4 p.m.

Community Symphony orchestra. Tho hall, Lake Shore and Superior (CE 6-34

sts: Rita Warsawska Paltz, soprano, elle Liebling, pianist; Leon Stein, cond. 20, 3:30.

Arts Quartet, Fullerton hall. (DE 8). May 2, 8:30. 1020 Art Center (MI 3), May 16 & 30, 8:30.

ra Lindseth, soprano, Fullerton hall (HA 5). May 15, 8:20

delssohn club, chorus, Fullerton hall 6-7080). May 4, 8:30.

hwestern university band, John Paynter, l. Deering Meadow, Evanston campus 4-1907). May 28, 6:45.

hwestern university Chamber orchestra, nony Donato, cond. Cahn auditorium, nston (UN 4-1907), May 22, 8:15.

hwestern university Concert band. John nter, cond., Cahn auditorium. Evanston 4-1907). May 13, 4 p.m.

thwestern university Symphony orches- Herman Felber, cond., Cahn auditorium, nston (UN 4-1907). May 24, 8:15.

ley Preisler, soprano, Fullerton hall 6-7080). May 13, 8 p.m.

Mu Alpha Sinphonia, Roosevelt univer- , 430 s. Michigan, 7th floor recital hall A 2-3580). May 16, 8:15.

ra Siegel, piano, Walfrid Kujala, flute, y Sirucek, oboe, Joseph Longo, clarinet, en Kotas, horn, Leland Smith, bassoon. lerton hall (PL 2-5319). May 6, 8:15.

nan Totenberg, violin, Mandel hall, 57th l University (MI 3-0800). May 11, 8:30.

eph Zverow, flute and **Louise Parkin, rano,** Fullerton hall (CE 6-7080). May 27, .m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

icago region drivers school and drivers , sports cars. Road America, Elkhart ke, Wisconsin. May 13 and 14. Begins ly in the morning.

med Forces Day parade, down State from acker to Congress. 2 p.m. Most armed ces bases will hold open house all day ich includes tours, special displays and tures. May 19.

morial Day parade, May 30. Can be owed on Michigan beginning on Ontario th to 9th street.

ther's Day floral display, Garfield park, n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). From May 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

erview Amusement park, 3300 n. West- (LA 5-2330). Opens May 16. 11:30 a.m. midnight; rides begin at 1 p.m. Week- ys, rides close at 5 p.m., begin again at .m.

ART EXHIBITS

Institute, Michigan and Adams (CE 080). **New:** from May 11, "Contemporary anese Pottery," works by six leading anese potters. From May 15, photo- aphs by Margaret Bourke-White, gallery main floor. From May 17, "16th Annual nibition: Society for Contemporary Art," east wing galleries. From May 17, "Design in Scandinavia," east wing galleries. **Continuing:** a new selection of ancient Peruvian ceramics and textiles from the Gaffron collection, galleries L-4 and L-4a. **Staying Indefinitely:** full size copies of Mochican murals from Panamarca, Peru. Gunsaulus hall. **Permanent:** Thorne miniature rooms, 67 American and European miniature rooms, gallery A-12. Museum hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free, Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol., except for a few special exhibits.

Conger Metcalf, paintings. Through May 15. French posters from May 16. Main Street Book store gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. until 6 p.m.

Herb Pannier and **Glenn Berry, paintings, prints, drawings and sculpture.** Through May, Delta gallery, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (DE 7-4870). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Clive Rickabaugh, drawings. Through May. Frank Ryan Contemporary Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily; Wed. until 6 p.m.

Rudolph Seno, sculpture, Rosa Lee, paintings and **photographs** by **Mort Shapiro.** Through May, Riccardo restaurant and gallery, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Fritz Winkler, watercolors, drawings & **lithographs,** to May 12. Renaissance society, University of Chicago, 1010 E. 59th (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

group shows

American Painters. From May 8, works by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan and Walt Kuhn. Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 to 5:30.

Association of Chicago Painters & Sculptors. Through May, Chicago galleries association, 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. until 4 p.m.

Contemporary American Paintings. Through May, Frank J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Contemporary Graphics. Through May, Palmer house galleries, shop 301, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Momentum, Midwestern artist group. From May 23, Todros Geller gallery, Board of Jewish Education, 72 e. 11th (HA 7-5570). Sun.-Thu., 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Fri., 11 a.m. to 3:30; Sat., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

19th Century English painters. Works by Leader, Debreanski, Soulacroix and others, and **20th Century French painters,** with works by Graw-Sala, Kontny, Orlando and others. Through May, Marshall Field galleries, south Wabash room, 2nd floor, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000, ext. 2213). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Studio Group. Works by Burgess Meredith, Ann Roman, Virginia Schelolomiti, Beulah Deekin and others. Through May. Mandel Brothers galleries, 8th floor, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon. & Thu., 9:15 to 8:30; other weekdays until 5:45.

Swedish Artists of Chicago. Through May, Swiss Chalet galleries, Bismarck hotel. 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Young Artists from Chicago. Through May, Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

LECTURES

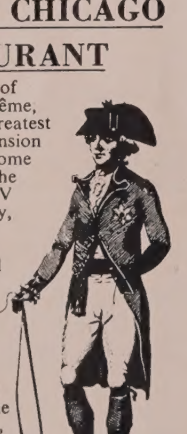
Art Institute, Michigan and Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art Through Travel:** "Italian Lakes and the Alps," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, **May 6** & **13,** Fullerton hall, 2:30 and 4 p.m. **Gallery Talks.** The Opening of a Vista: A Study of the Landscape in Art series: "Impressionist and Realist: Monet and Courbet," Frederick A. Sweet, **May 1,** gallery 32; "The Oriental Contribution to Western Landscape," Jack Sewell, **8,** gallery 25; "The Landscape of Cezanne, Gaughin and Van Gogh," Thomas M. Folds. **15,** gallery to be announced; "What Does Landscape Offer the Painter Today?," George D. Culler, **22,** gallery 25. Tuesdays, 11 a.m. **Now on View series:** "People," Katharine Kuh, **May 4,** gallery of art interpretation; "People," Carol Osuhowski, **11,** gallery of art interpretation; "Design in Scandinavia," George D. Culler, **18,** east wing galleries; "Design in Scandinavia," Alan Sawyer, **25,** east wing galleries. Fridays, 12:15.

Morton Arboretum, Route 53, Lisle (Downers Grove 74). **Lecture-field trip series:** "Our Spring Wild Flowers," **May 5;** "Our Forest Margins," **12;** "Our Meadows and Roadsides," **26,** 2:30 to 5:00 p.m., for adults only.

Northwestern university, Technological Institute auditorium, Sheridan at Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1907). **Alumni Fund Series:** "The Idea of the Grotesque in Painting and

ANdover 3-1642

TRY GEORGE IV'S FAVORITE CHICAGO RESTAURANT



In 1820, George IV of England offered Carême, the 19th Century's greatest chef, a munificent pension for life if he would come to England to serve the King. Were George IV to visit Chicago today, he would be royally delighted to find the cuisine he so admired duplicated at the new Café Bonaparte of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. For today, the Café Bonaparte proudly serves the dishes that brought Carême fame as chef to George IV, Napoleon Bonaparte, The Emperor of Russia, Talleyrand and other legendary figures. In the Café Bonaparte, history's most famous *haute cuisine* lives again.

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Literature," Wolfgang Kayser, May 17, 8 p.m. Free.

University of Chicago. (MI 3-0800). **Charles R. Walgreen series:** "The Modern Presidents: Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower," **May 2;** "Presidency Reconsidered," Clinton Rossiter, **3.** Social Science Research building, 1126 e. 59th, 4:30. **Vivekananda Memorial lecture:** "India and America," Grayson Kirk, **May 1.** Breasted hall, 1155 e. 58th, 8:30.

University College. (DE 2-7245). **Works of the Mind series:** "The Analysis of a Lyric Poem," Norman F. Maclean, **May 18.** 8 p.m. **Architecture in Chicago series:** "Architecture in Chicago Since World War II," Richard M. Bennett, **10;** "Architecture: The Clash of Ideas," Winston Elting, **17;** "Housing for Mid-Century Chicagoans," William Keck, **24.** 19 s. LaSalle, 7 to 9 p.m.

FILMS

Art Institute. Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). "Festival of Films on the Arts," Club room. May 4, 8 p.m. "Children of Paradise," (English titles), Fullerton hall, May 18, 8 p.m.

University of Chicago Documentary Film Group (MI 3-0800). "Mexican Busride," **May 1,** Ida Noyes theater, 1212 e. 59th. "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Charles Chaplin and Marie Dressler, **May 8,** Social Science building, room 122, 1129 e. 59th. 7:15 and 9:15. Tickets available at door on night of showing.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). **May** show: "The Astronomer's Workshop." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 and 3:30. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri., to 9:30. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences. 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society. Clark and North (MI 2-4600). In celebration of the Society's centennial, special exhibits of Chicago in 1856 are on display in the portrait gallery, costume gallery, manuscript room and throughout the building, through May. Weekdays, 9:30 to 4:30; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30. Free weekdays.

Chicago Natural History museum. Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute. University of Chicago. 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium. lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses with an occasional lamprey. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Dearborn observatory. Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston, (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum. 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0080). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science and Industry. 57th and Lake Park (MU 4-1414). Interesting now that it's spring is the collection of 86 panels of hardwood from all over the world compiled to tell the story of hardwoods from tree to furniture. Scheduled to open in time for Armed Forces Day on May 19 is a special military display.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Ford Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. May 5, channel 2). Top talent for 90 minutes, in color.

Maurice Evans Presents (3 p.m. Sun. May 6, ch. 5). "The Cradle Song," in color.

Max Liebman Presents (8 p.m. Sat. May 12, ch. 5). Musical, "Up in Central Park" (tentative), in color.

Color Spread (6:30 p.m. Sun. May 20, ch. 5). Sunday variety, in color.

Producers' Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. May 28, ch. 5). Live high level fare, in color.

drama

Drama: **Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., ch. 5), **Robert Montgomery Theater** (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., ch. 2), **Playwrights 56-Circle Theater** (8:30 p.m. Tue., ch. 5). **Steel Hour-20th Century-Fox Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., ch. 2), **Front Row Center** (3 p.m. Sun., ch. 2), **Matinee Theater** (2 p.m. weekdays in color, ch. 5) **Famous Film Festival** (6:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 7). Impressive imports.

comedy-variety-music

Adventure (1:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). A museum piece proving that there is life in the old world yet.

Zoo Parade (2:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 5). Marlin Perkins surveys the lesser animals with the utmost respect.

Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Flights of fact and fancy for higher than average brows.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Rendezvous for actors, generals, and acrobats.

Jack Benny Show (6:30 p.m. alt. Sun., ch. 2). The wit that made Waukegan famous.

Norman Ross Presents (9:30 a.m. weekdays, ch. 7). Short films, some philosophy.

Voice of Firestone (7:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Since 1928, good music.

Remember (10 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Events and eras recollected, with Norman Ross. Capsule version, This Is the Day (11 p.m. weekdays, ch. 7).

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., ch. 7). A one hour slice of the Disney pie.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., ch. 2). Ed

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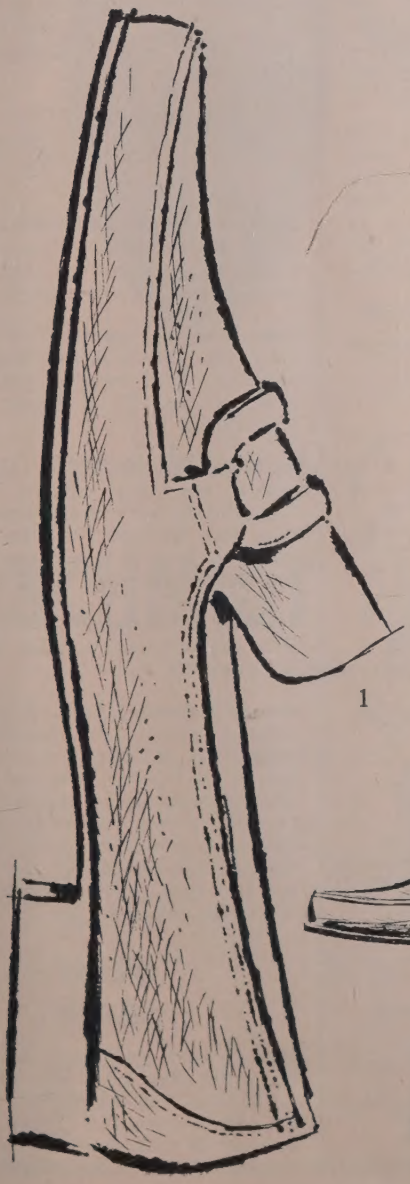

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2

3

4

Murrow follows celebrities home.

Fifth Army Show (7 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Variety in the barracks.

George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., ch. 5). The careful crewcut lays them in the aisles—gently.

documentary-discussion

Wide Wide World (3 p.m. Sun. May 13 & 20, ch. 5). Live, cross-country remotes, with Dave Garroway at the helm.

Northwestern Reviewing Stand (7 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Experts fire away at burning questions.

Research File (7 p.m. Mon., ch. 11). Institute of Technology show.

Life With Baby (8 p.m. Tue., ch. 11). Lessons in civilization.

All About Money (8 p.m. Thu., ch. 11). High and low finance.

The Humanities (9:30 p.m. Thu., ch. 11). Visual liberal arts from the University of Chicago.

for children

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. weekdays, c .. 2). A mustachioed old marvel shares secrets.

Romper Room (11 a.m. weekdays, ch. 9). Miss Rosemary and pint-size projects.

Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. weekdays, ch. 7). Adventures, filmed and cartooned, real and fantastic.

Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m., M-W-F, ch. 11). Bed time for tots.

Totem Club (4:30 p.m. weekdays, ch. 11). Young teen activities.

sports

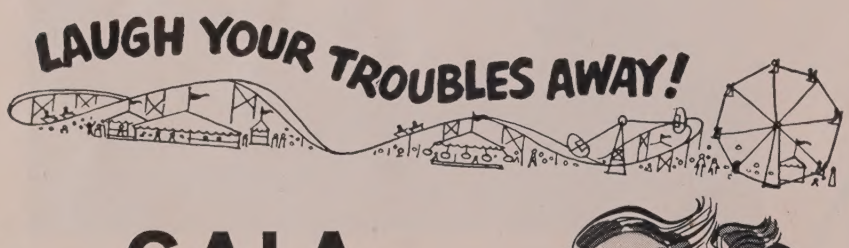
Baseball (afternoons, ch. 9). Home daytime games of the Cubs and White Sox, with Jack Brickhouse.

TOURS

American Airlines, Midway airport, 63rd and Cicero (PO 7-6200 ext. 846). Through the twin hangars, weather information section and the flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Children under 12 not admitted. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Baha'i Temple, Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Public tours on weekdays include only the auditorium. Sundays tours are of the entire building and include color slides and talks. This larger tour can be arranged for groups on weekdays by contacting Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1 to 4 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 to 5 p.m.

Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WA 2-2800). Visitors observe "The Pit" where lively grain trading takes place. Public gallery, 5th floor, Mon.-Fri., 9:30 to 1:15, free. From the observation tower, topped only by Ceres, one can see the stockyards and Evanston on a clear day (WE 9-9860). Daily 9 to 6 p.m.



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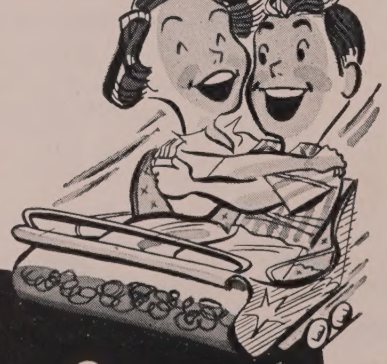

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Chinatown and Chicago by Night. Chic Gray line (SE 8-2900). Commercial tour the foreign neighborhoods of the city. special interest are Maxwell st., Bug Ho square and Hull house. Tours begin at Conrad Hilton hotel. Nightly, 8:30.

Chicago Tribune. 435 n. Michigan 7-0100 ext. 715). Visitors see all the m printing processes, engraving, compos and printing. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m., 4 p 8 p.m.

Ford Motor company, 12600 s. Torra (MI 6-3100 ext. 250). Public tours of the f body assembly line. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m., a.m., 1 p.m., 2 p.m.

Northwestern university, Technological stitute, Sheridan rd. at Noyes, Evan (UN 4-1900). One hour tour of the Insti begins in the lobby, Sat., 11 a.m.

Sears Roebuck company, Tues.-Fri. 9 10:45, 1:45, 2:15; Mon. 1:45, 2:45. Clo Saturdays. Tours begin at usher's d main entrance, 925 s. Homan aver (KE 3-2500).

Jac Worth tours, (GR 7-2763). Commer tours by bus, dinner included. Nat K Cole night life tour including dinner at South Seas and visits to the Gay Ninet Blue Note, Starlight Mambo and the C Paree for Nat King Cole. May 17, 6:30.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). A t of the compus begins every Sat., 10 a.m Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th.

Mercury Sightseeing boats. Wacker dr between Wabash and Michigan a bridges (DE 2-1353). Commercial to through the Chicago River and out o Lake Michigan for an extended view Chicago's skyline both north and so One-hour rides available on the hour da Two-hour guided cruises, 10 a.m., 1:30, 3 and 7:45 daily. Special trips Fri. & S 10 p.m. and midnight.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark and Addi (BU 1-5050). **May: 1** & **2,** New York; **4** & Philadelphia; **6** (doubleheader), Pittsbur **8, 9** & **10,** Brooklyn; **12** & **13** (doublehead St. Louis; **28** & **29,** Cincinnati; **30** (doub header) & **31,** Milwaukee. 1:30 p.m.

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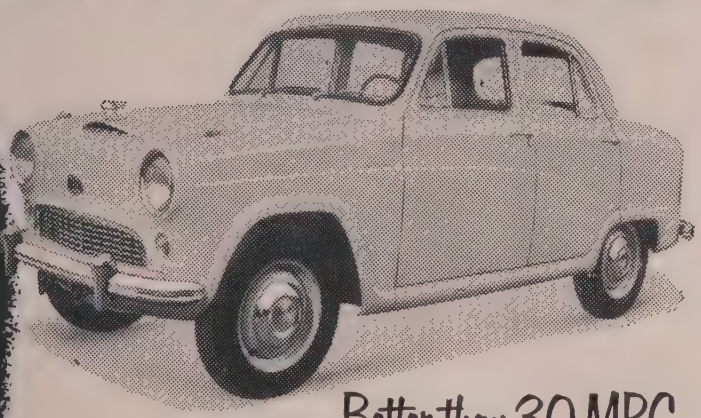

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White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th and Shields (WA 4-1000). **May: 15** (night) & **16.** Washington; **17, 18** (night) & **19,** New York; **20** (doubleheader), Boston; **22** (night) & **23,** Baltimore; **25** (night), **26** & **27** (doubleheader), Cleveland; daytime 1:30, night 8 p.m.

golf

Public golf courses operated by the park district (HA 7-5252) in Lincoln (Waveland), Jackson, Columbus and Marquette parks, and by the county forest preserve district (CO 1-8400)—Caldwell, Edgebrook, Indian Boundary, Northwestern, Burnham Woods and Pipe O' Peace—through May.

harness racing

Maywood park, 8600 River rd. and North avenue, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Racing every night except Sun. through May. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

thoroughbred racing

Sportsman's park, 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Races every afternoon except Sun. Post time, 2 p.m. through May 12.

Balmoral at Washington park, 175th and Halsted, Homewood (HA 7-3181). Opens May 14. Post time 2 p.m. except Sat. & hol., 1:45 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven school, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734). "The Boy Knight of Rheims" by Eloise Lownsbery. For elementary and intermediate school children. May 4, 3 p.m.; May 5, 10 a.m. and 2:30. "The Three Little Pigs," for pre-school children. May 12 & 19, 10 a.m., 12:45 and 2:30.

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "Davy Crockett and His Coonskin Cap." Through May, every Sat. 2:30; Sun., 3 p.m.

Jack and Jill players, (WA 2-0317). "Twelve Angry Women." 12th floor, Kimball building, 25 e. Jackson, May 5, 6, 12 & 13. Sat., 4 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m. "Cradle Song," 9th floor, Crown building, 218 s. Wabash, May 19, 20, 26 & 27, 3 p.m.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark and North (MI 2-4600). This month sees the end of the Society's centennial celebration which includes children's activities emphasizing the character of the city in 1856. **Museum mornings:** Sat., 10 a.m. **May 12, 19 & 26,** slide talk, "Tomahawk to Television: From the First Fort Dearborn to the Merchandise Mart" plus color film, "Look to the Land" and color cartoon. **Weekday assemblies:** Wed., 10 a.m. for teachers and their classes, **May 9 & 16.** "Our Heritage" and color film, "Our Constitution."

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and Lake Park (MU 4-1414). Exciting for the little ones is the Paul Bunyan fun house on the ground floor east. Still a magnet for

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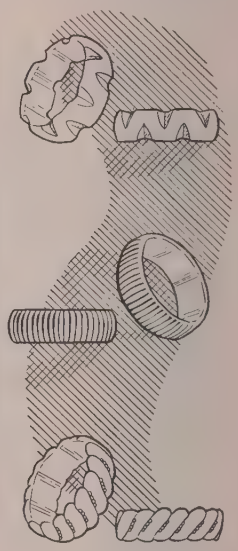

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young and old is the Swift and Company's "Food for Life" exhibit which includes a see-through incubator in which children may watch chicks hatch out during the day. Little girls may be more drawn to the Gardner doll room which has a collection of 500 historic and unusual dolls and doll furniture, but the coal mine tour via dark elevator and train appeals to most all children. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

zoos

Brookfield, 1st ave. and 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). This huge 135-acre zoo shows animals in surroundings resembling their natural habitats; has picnic areas; and, opening May 12, a **Children's Zoo and Farm,** where small animals may be petted and occasionally fed by visiting youngsters. Main zoo free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Hawthorn-Mellody farm & Children's zoo, U.S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). The zoo has a variety of animals which always appeal to small children, with a Noah's Ark, a miniature mountain for goats and a lagoon with domestic and wild fowl. In the milking parlor, youngsters may watch modern methods of milking. Mon.-Fri., 10:30 to 5 p.m.; Sun. to 6 p.m. Free Mon.-Fri.

Lincoln Park, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). Young born to some animals during the winter are now on view. Among the zoo's collection of 2,500 animals, the gorillas, orangutangs and chimps are perennial favorites, and the 4 o'clock feeding of the lions always attracts a sizeable crowd. Mon. excluded. **Zoorookery** (at Fullerton) is a restful rock garden with a water pond abundant with animals to be photographed or just watched. Open daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Indian Boundary Park, 2500 Lunt av. A small zoo with bear, deer, smaller animals and birds. Free, open daily.

parks

fishing

Small children can catch small fish, from sunrise to dark, in park district lagoons through May. Fishing is permitted from banks of lagoons, but not from boats, piers or bridges. Bait is recommended but not required. Lagoons are in the following parks: Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincoln. Children under 16 need no license.

tennis schools

All parks with facilities conduct tennis schools for beginners from May through July. For hours, dates, age classifications and nearest location consult the main office of the park district (HA 7-5252).

sailing

Junior sailing enthusiasts, 14 to 18, may join the park district's Rainbow fleet, a group which holds its maneuvers in ten-foot sailing dinghies in the north end of Burnham park lagoon. Applicants must be able to swim 200 yards. Week-end sailing from mid-May until schools close; daily th after until Labor Day. Free. (HA 7-5 ext. 422.)

NIGHT LIFE

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). "Caly Caravan" is the attraction this month, turing the music of John McCleverty, vocals by Luis Torrens and dancing Marianne. Continuous gypsy music in Opera Club adjoining. 5 p.m. to 4 a shows 9:30, midnight & 2 a.m. Dinner $2.50.

Boulevard room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 72 Michigan (WA 2-4400). Through May Jerry Bergman and Mimi, pantomim continue in the ice show "Icearama," as skaters Helga Neff, Peter Voss, Shi Linde, Michael Meehan (contortionist), D Park (unicyclist), Boy Foy, the Tune Tatt the Boulevar-Dears and the Boulevar-D Music is by Frankie Masters and orches Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & n night; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3 $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, S and Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and a with dancing to restrained Afro-Cu music by Romeo and orchestra. Noon 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword ner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. min. Fri. & Sat.

Camellia house, Drake hotel, Lake Sh and Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuis and Dick Barlow's music. Noon to 3 p. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; din $5-$7.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). riving May 10 is the ever-cool Nat "Ki Cole. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 and n night; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. ner $3.50-$4.75; $5.75 special includes co and minimum, 7-course dinner, after din liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Eig

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman ho Randolph and Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style; music is by Frank York, has a fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; din $4.50-$7.

Compass, at the Dock, 5743 Lake Park 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scena is done by quick-witted entertainers. Re lar shows are followed by improvisati on stories suggested by the audie Shows at 8:30 weeknights; 9:15 weeke Folk singing on Tue. Open until 2 a

min. Fri., Sat. & Sun. Closed Mon.

e room, Palmer house, State and be (RA 6-7500). Through May 16, y Puleo's harmonica gang is in the ght along with the singing of Betty gan and the team-dancing of Francois and Patti. From May 17, the French leuse, Patachou takes over together the dancers called "Trio Capriccio gnol" and accordionist Tony Lovello. is by Charlie Fisk and orchestra, vo- by Lee Charmel. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; s 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4. ver.

s Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan 7-3800). Big city dining, with dancing e steady two-beat of Wayne Muir's ss Hatters." 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing 9 p.m. Dinner from $3.50.

o room, Ambassador East hotel, State Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out elebrities and celebrity watchers. David inter's orchestra plays danceable music. to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-); other food a la carte. $3.50 min. Fri. it.

s Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and e decor where even the bartenders Swiss. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; er $3.50-$6.

jazz

Beehive, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). The d daddy of the tenor sax, Lester Young, re this month. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam ions by local musicians Mon.; closed Parking in rear.

Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). To May horty Rogers. Thereafter George Shear- at the piano until Count Basie and the ently hottest of hot orks replaces him 23. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat. 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen- s. Closed Mon. & Tue. Food a la carte. ain.

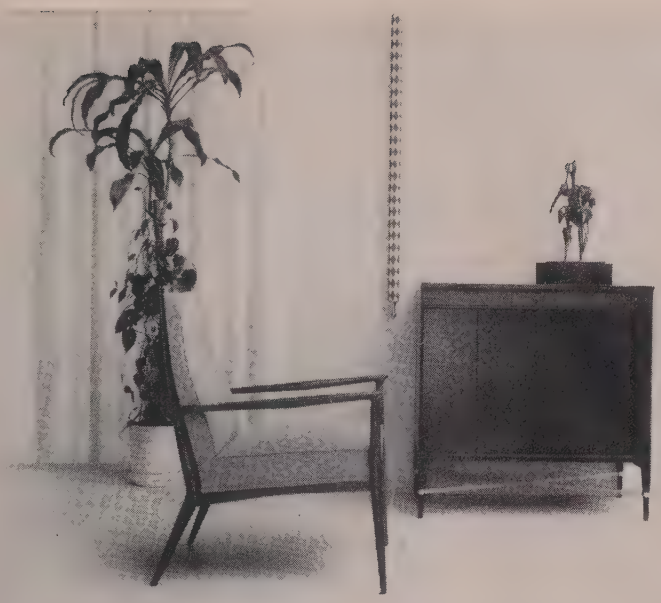
ster inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush 7-4568). The Pat Moran group remains, f course does Lurlene Hunter, the lady never sings a bad tune. On Mon. and Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo play ago light-green jazz. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. cover or min. and the serious jazz enthu- ts sit at the bar and make no noise.

y street, in the alley at Elm st., between e and Dearborn (WH 4-4748). Very, Near North in attitude and atmos- re. The Billy Wallace trio plays Wed- . and Leigh Travis sings in the cur- throaty style. Blind John Davis is at keyboard singing blues Mon. & Tue. m. until 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixie- d fans collect in this downstairs place of Reinhardt's. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed $2 min.

lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-2833). al combos appear here Wed. through . From 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

don house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). rian McPartland's jazz trio bows in y 2. Steaks and chops are a house spe- lty. Dinner from $3.75. No cover or min.



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Actress Guest At Fanny's Restaurant

Susan Brown (at right), who plays Rachel in the current hit "Inherit the Wind," was a recent guest at Fanny's restaurant in Evanston. With her were (l. to r.) Mrs. Gordon Read, Mrs. George B. Wendt, Mrs. Philip Egan and Maxine Stetson. (Photo by Dr. Alvin Keith)

FANNY'S COLUMN
Written by Fanny Lazzar

CHIT CHAT ABOUT THIS AND THAT . . . AFTER FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR luncheon service appeared we received so many reservations for large parties numbering from twenty-five to eighty that I saw the necessity of immediately acquiring the services of another chef for the luncheon trade. . . . Through the Epicurean Society I have found a chef . . . the equal of which there is not one in the entire middle west (and with the exception of CHAMBORD'S and LePavilon in New York) I have doubts if there is another restaurant with such a chef. This man comes highly recommended . . . a graduate of the finest cooking school in Paris . . . twenty years a chef in France . . . he is an artist in every sense of the word. He is a perfectionist like myself and has a horror of using an iota of anything synthetic. He is a perfectionist in his cuisine and it cost me one thousand and seventy seven dollars to put him in my kitchen. His wine list was THAT long and the imported truffles and all the other items needed in his cooking are something to SEE. His cuisine is French and International. His Crepes de Volaille a la Versailles (thin pancakes filled with chicken, truffles) are terrific . . . the Cheese Blintzes with sour cream THAT thick with fresh strawberries you have never tasted the equal of . . . and his SHISH KEBAB WITH RICE EN BRANCHETTE IS THE FINEST I HAVE EVER TASTED IN MY LIFE. . . . and I am a keen judge of what constitutes the finest in preparation and taste. His French pastry is something so angelical that with the exception of the above mentioned restaurants there is not to be had anywhere else SUCH pastry . . . ah me . . . For those few and rare Epicureans who appreciate top notch quality and inspired preparation of foods cooked without synthetics . . . we here at Fanny's speak the same language they do. As one distinguished gentleman said after partaking of a luncheon here recently . . . Ah Madam Fanny . . . this food is divine . . . it reminds me of the good old days when we ate similar foods at the old TIP TOP RESTAURANT . . . there are SO FEW LIKE YOU LEFT IN THIS MATERIALISTIC WORLD . . . THE NEW SCHOOL IS MUCH TOO COMMERCIAL AND UNAPPRECIATVE OF THE GASTRONOMICAL ENJOYMENT WE OLDSTERS HAVE ALWAYS DESIRED. SOME MODERN RESTAURANTS ARE SO PLUSH-PLUSH THAT THEIR EXCESSIVE OVERHEAD PROHIBITS THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM . . . QUALITY Plus . . . plus . . . in the preparation of their various dishes and specialties. THERE IS NOT ANOTHER RESTAURANT IN AMERICA THAT HAS WON AS MANY AWARDS AND HONORS AS FANNY'S DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS . . . OUR SUCCESS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF . . . WE TAKE OUR STAND . . . AS ONE OF THE SEVEN FINEST RESTAURANTS IN AMERICA . . . AS RECOMMENDED BY LA TOUR D'ARGENT OF PARIS . . . TRE SCALINI OF ROME . . . LEONI OF LONDON . . . THE GOLDEN PEACE OF STOCKHOLM, ETC. ETC. . . . PATRONIZED BY LOCAL AND FOREIGN SOCIALITES AND CELEBRITIES . . . AND NATIONAL FIGURES LIKE PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND OTHERS . . . FANNY'S SHOULD BE A MUST FOR YOUR NEXT LUNCHEON OR DINNER DATE. .

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Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The excelle Ahmad Jamal group remains. Wed.-Su from 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. No cover or mi

EATING OUT

Agostino's, 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). Th old and respected eating house serves su delightful tongue teasers as rolled fi mignon braciole, chicken Vesuvio and, course, magnificent steaks and sea foo Mon.-Sat., 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; from 1:30 p on Sun. Dinner from $2.25.

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbag Thuringer sausage, other German dishe The dark draught beer is excellent. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.5 dinner $1.75-$4.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (F 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace h a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl o personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Su 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner $2.50-$5.

Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hot Michigan at Balbo (HA 7-4300). Very elega dishes served in very elegant surroundin in this fairly new dining place. Hal C provides dance music after 9:30. Noon 1:00 a.m. Dinner from $6.

Cafe De Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkw (WH 4-5620). Delightful French fare, all more enjoyable in this Gallic settin Crepes suzettes are, of course, a hou specialty and served with loving ca Daily, 5 to 11 p.m. Dinner $3.90-$6.50.

The Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-120 Decorative dining where such dishes poached whitefish with egg sauce a creme St. Germaine pea soup are h favorites, and the roast beef, as all el is done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinn from $3.50. Closed Sun.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-831 A wide range of Bohemian dishes served here and when the proper seas rolls around fresh game can be savore 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & h Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cape Cod room, Drake hotel, Lake Sho & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Excellent seafo for all kinds of palates can be enjoyed he in tasteful surroundings. A la carte fro $2.75. Daily, noon until midnight.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhou restaurant of commendable fare and women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil w mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Cl (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-arou you atmosphere. Also German dishes. la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p

ed Sat. & Sun.

inental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57th (PL 55). Wonderful hors d'oeuvres table is tered by special national dishes in a ile-lit atmosphere. Weekdays except . 4:30 p.m. to 10. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

ny's, 1601 Simpson Evanston (GR 96). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other es all live up to their wide-spread . Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; 5 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner 5-$4.75.

. Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive ing, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A quiet room for restrained dining. a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; er from $2.25.

el's, 210 n. State (AN 3-7100). Good ne behind a Hollywood facade. Daily, a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner $2.85-$4.95.

cian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 37). A good Loop restaurant where s plenty of room at lunch time. ek specialties include avgolemono taramosalata (fish roe) and assorted abs and pelafs. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 9 . Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). natown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

and's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old- restaurant devoted exclusively to the nifold delights of the sea. Noon to 2 a.m./ ner $2-$5.

ian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192, 2-9857). Authentic Florentine cooking is ved here in two restaurants. Among the es offered are some rarely found in cago such as Cannelloni and Manicotti. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch at $1.25; ner from $2.

ques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Con- ntal foods and choice wines in a light- rted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $1.70-$2.60, ner $3.80-$6.

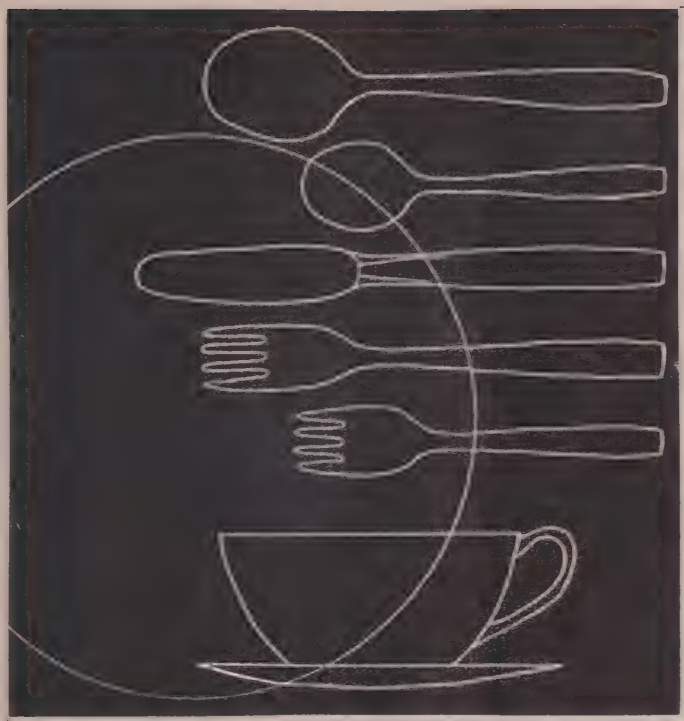
d Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). udes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than erbraten, even. Open 4 p.m. to mid- ht. From $1.75.

Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). erior food served by red-coated waiters old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from $6.

ck Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). e Sirloin room specializes in prime beef. t whomps up other dishes on demand. ner $3.25-$6.

eden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). e best and most delicate of Scandinavian hes in handsome surroundings. 11:30 n. to 2:30 a.m. Lunch from $.75, dinner m $1.75.

ell of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & ndolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with ep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to dnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60- .25; dinner a la carte.



Vienna Modern Flatware 5 piece setting $4.95

Arzberg China White 16 pieces $17.95

FRANK RYAN

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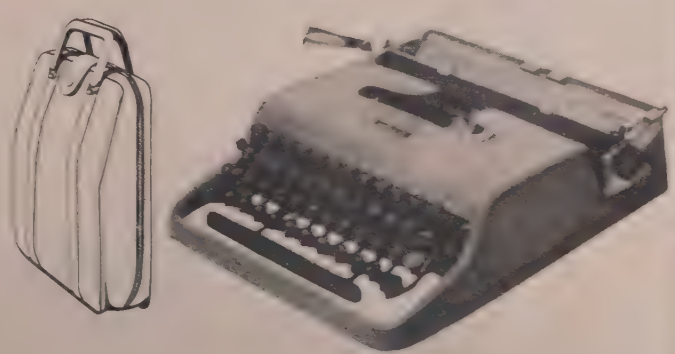
Phone MIchigan 2-5411

portable portable: the olivetti "Lettera 22"

Be sure to see the famous Olivetti "Lettera 22"—the *portable* portable that's 9 pounds light and 3⅝ inches low—yet has all important big-typewriter features. The Olivetti has been featured in many "good design" exhibits. Handsome two-tone carrying case included in the very reasonable price. The "Lettera 22" is on display at the new Olivetti store at 230 North Michigan Avenue



You can't keep a girl from growing up

A Brownie learns responsibility to her home and friends;
the Intermediate develops skills that bring pleasure to herself and a community;
the Senior begins to participate in adult activity.

CAMPING is a special stage on whi
Scouts practise living together.

The Girl Scouts of Chicago have be
able to provide troop and reside
camping for only one out of every ni
girls. Campaigns this year should rai
sufficient funds to purchase proper
and facilities for new troop campi
and develop property adjacent to t
Scout's resident camp at Juniper Kn
near Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

To accomplish this goal the Scouts ne
the support of the entire communit

GIRL SCOUTS OF CHICAGO
37 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

Keep the Scout Growing

WEST *of the Water Tower*

OOD CLEAN FUN

This conversation was overheard in otel lobby:

Woman with a small girl: "She nts to play house with your son."

Woman with small boy: "What uld happen? Let 'em play house."

ORTHWESTERN RECESS; EETERING THROUGH HE WAA-MU SHOW

Robert Buchbinder photo

THE PAUSE THAT DOESN'T REFRESH

What should have been the Terrace Room was the Terr ce Room, the "a" being missing from the knotty pine paneling. It was 10:15 a.m. A new elevator load of young office girls walked across the room directly to the stainless steel counter. Two of them, a blonde and a brunette, sat down together. Both had coffee.

"I hate these Mondays," said the blonde.

"Whoever called them 'blue Mondays' knew what he was talking about," the brunette said.

They both sipped coffee.

"Johnny took me to see *Carousel* yesterday," the brunette said.

"On Sunday?"

"Yeah. It was pretty good. Gordon MacRae."

"I saw him in *Oklahoma!*," the blonde said, "with Shirley Jones."

"She was in *Carousel*," the brunette said. "It was filmed in Maine."

"*Oklahoma!* was filmed in Arizona," said the blonde.

"Are you going to get another cup of coffee?"

"I drink too much coffee," said the blonde.

"It's free."

"I know. I drink too much."

"I don't think I'll get another one either," the brunette said. She paused. "I went to church, too. Was I busy yesterday."

"Yesterday?" the blonde said.

"Yeah. First time since Christmas."

"How was it?"

"All right. Same old thing, you know."

"I got a pile of work waiting for me upstairs," the blonde said.

"So do I."

They stood.

"I hate these coffeebreaks," the brunette said.

"Me too," said the blonde.

THE LEAST KNOWN CITY SERVICE

The late afternoon was chilly, but inside the city's Fernand Henrotin public bath at 2415 north Marshfield the air was tropically warm and there was a pleasant tang of hot water and the rushing sound of showers going full steam.

In the waiting room the caretaker, Nicholas Caliva, handed out towels and soap to four men who sat on a bench. From each he collected a dime, placing the coins in a desk in the small office behind a wire screen. Ten men were under the showers. The four on the bench, factory workers who live in the neighborhood, were waiting for some of the bathers to finish. While they waited they talked with good-humored pessimism about inflated prices.

Henrotin has 21 showers in two rows, shut off from the waiting room by a wooden partition that extends up part way to the high ceiling. Ten in one row are individually enclosed in clean slabs of slate, and each has an accompanying wooden cubicle where one can undress in privacy. The eleven in the other row are not enclosed;

bathers who use them put their clothes in lockers along the wall or just leave them heaped on benches in front of the lockers. Now these showers were idle and the four men in the waiting room could have used them, but they preferred the others.

"Grownups like privacy," said Nick Caliva, a quick-moving handsome man whose curling black hair has begun to gray. "Bunch of teen-agers, though, they'll take over the open showers like a basketball team after a game."

For ten cents anyone can take a shower at any of the 15 municipally owned public bath houses. That price includes a small bar of soap and the use of a towel. An extra towel costs five cents more. If a bather brings his own towel he pays only a nickel for his bath and soap. At Henrotin, no charge is made for little boys up to about ten or—on ladies days—little girls—if they bring their own towels. Maximum time under a shower is ten minutes, but Caliva doesn't call it that close unless the place is crowded.

"Sort of busy now," he said. "Those fellows"—nodding toward the showers—"all came in at the same time. I'll cut 'em off pretty soon."

The public baths, all located in the older neighborhoods of the city, were started more than half a century ago by the board of health. They are named after prominent Chicagoans and other distinguished folk. The oldest, William Mavor, at 4645 McDowell, convenient to the stock yards, was opened in 1900; the newest, John P. Wilson, 3225 south Racine, in 1930.

Their establishment reflects a recognition of the fact that not all homes have bathrooms, as well as the reasonable assumption that cleanliness is a requisite of health. Since 1928 the public baths have been operated by the bureau of parks and recreation of the department of public works—the change in stewardship possibly symbolizing a cultural advance by which bathing is now regarded as a pleasure instead of a necessary evil. The baths are not expected to produce a profit or even make expenses, but are regarded as a necessary public service like street lighting or garbage collection.

Not all of their patrons, by any means, lack bathtubs at home. Children especially regard Henrotin as something of a recreation center. Out of his own pocket Caliva provides checkers for them to play in the waiting room and, for smaller fry, scooters which they run back and forth on the concrete in the clean, roomy basement. "Gets them off the street," he said.

Henrotin was opened in 1908. Caliva, whose job is under civil service, has been there five years, living in the caretaker's apartment with his wife Mella and his son Michael. Before coming to Henrotin he worked 11 years at Theodore F. Gurney public bath, 1141 west Chicago. In the comparatively short time he's been at Henrotin he has become a neighborhood institution. A stranger asking directions to the place is likely to be told, "Oh, yeah—you mean Nick's bath house."

The public baths are closed Sundays and Mondays in order to give caretakers a five-day work week. Ladies days occur once or twice a week. At Henrotin these come on Wednesdays and on Saturdays till noon, when the men and boys again troop in.

On ladies days a woman attendant, Mrs. Margaret Rooney, takes over. Caliva, however, doesn't get this time off. He retires to the basement and cleans it, takes out the ashes, feeds the big furnace to keep the building and water hot, and makes any needed repairs that don't require the services of a specialist. Keeping the bath house clean is a never-ending chore. Floors must be regularly washed and disinfected. Showers, lockers, benches, walls — everything must be kept screechingly immaculate. Even Mrs. Rooney, in the short periods she's there, dusts and generally slicks up the waiting room when she isn't dishing out towels and soap or regulating the water.

A sign in the waiting room forbids smoking, spitting, loud, profane or obscene talk, marring furnishings or walls, but Caliva doesn't have to admonish anyone. Everybody seems to be on his good behavior at the baths. The caretaker can't remember ever having had a really disagreeable incident with a patron. Occasionally a drunk wobbles in, whereupon Caliva at once takes him outside again, telling him to come back when he's sober.

"Can't risk having him fall and hurt himself," he said.

Now it was time for the ten bathers to come out. Fastened above a cluster of valves on the partition between waiting room and showers is a gong. Caliva rings it to let bathers know he's turning on the cold water for a minute before shutting the water off altogether.

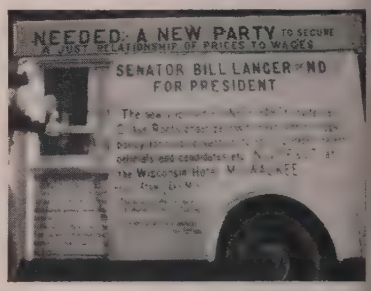
"Not really cold," he said, "just cool water. But some don't want to finish with cool. So I warn 'em."

He sounded the gong. At once a man's voice sang out from a shower:

"I'm all soaped up again, Nick. Give us another minute of the hot."

"Okay," said the trustee of "Nick's bath house."

BANDWAGON?



Ray Nelson phot

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

An old lady at an airport on being told that her non-scheduled flight was held up an hour because the plane had a flat tire: "I can change a tire in 15 minutes."

RAH-RAH SPIRIT

A sign in the College of Complexes boasts: "This place is recommended by drunken swine."

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TIARA?

A few days after the coup de Grace had been administered to a monarch named after a mountain bigger than his realm, Miss Kelly was at bay before the press in the Beau Nash room of the Ambassador West hotel.

Before the inquisition began, the journalists made notes about the attire of the slender blonde who was speaking softly into a house phone. They observed that she was characteristically wearing a dark, simply-tailored dress with a high neck, and plain black pumps. Just as they were completing their descriptions, a press agent announced, "Miss Kelly will be

in a few minutes, gentlemen."

Miss Kelly did arrive in a few min-, wearing a dark, simply-tailored s with a high neck, and plain k pumps. Besides probing into *her* ate business, the reporters tried to out who her double was. All they ld learn about the latter lady, apart n the fact she was a ringer for s Kelly, was that she was 16 years and her name was Bette Lieb. dys Erickson of the *American* had ught her to the conference and had ined her not to lavish information the representatives of other publi-ions.

However, Bette was cornered a few ks later in her parents' home on throp avenue, where, clad in a k, simply-tailored dress and plain k pumps, she revealed that her emblance to Miss Kelly goes be-d the striking physical match.

They are both outstanding actresses their own fields of operation. For last five summers Bette has been olled in the dramatic division of the tional Music camp at Interlochen, chigan, where she received an ard as the best speech student. The np runs a theatre much like a pro-sional stock company, and on its ge Bette has played leads in *The ning of the Shrew, Our Hearts re Young and Gay, The Corn Is en* and *Victoria Regina.*

Like Miss Kelly, Bette has done pro-sional modeling. When she was 13

Ambassador hotels photo

Kace

e looked up several agencies in the d Book and went around and regis-red. Her assignments included sing for Toni ads, though not as one the twins—perhaps because Miss lly was not available for the other role. She has also picked up some juke box money doing radio commercials.

Bette is connected with the movie industry, though not so directly as the incipient princess. Her father, Jack, was with MGM for many years. Then, after serving as a war correspondent during World War II (covering the Normandy landings), he started his

Don Bronstein photo

Gracious

own firm, Producers Film Studios. He pioneered in making television movies, and also does industrial pictures.

Although Jack Lieb admires Grace Kelly as an actress and a person, he challenges the idea that Bette is her double. He thinks his daughter is better looking. He has been taking pictures of her ever since she moved in, and has some excellent bubble bath shots from about 14 years ago which are not, unfortunately, available for publication.

Bette has also been immortalized in oils, by her attractive blonde mother, Rosamund. Like her daughter, Mrs. Lieb has been accused of resembling a movie star, but she doesn't like to say which one, possibly because she is old enough to have a son, 27, rounding out the family.

Bette is a good student in a good school. A junior at private Francis Parker, she has neglected modeling and radio work lately to write long themes and get high grades. A classmate has noted a similarity between Bette's social milieu and Miss Kelly's. This anonymous informant says Miss Lieb is often seen in the company of students from Chicago Latin, which is considered more of a society school than Parker.

Like Grace Kelly talking to the press, Bette folded her hands in her lap and spoke quietly as she recalled that their resemblance was first pointed out about two years ago, after *High Noon* was released. Only after the engagement was announced, however, did the identification become really frequent. Her school friends congratulated her on the betrothal, and people began asking for her autograph in Marshall Field's.

Bette gazed at the "sweet sixteen" ring on her finger while she discussed her penchant for the arts, which is broader, if less mature, than Miss Kelly's. She pointed out that she reads Tolstoy and Chekov, has been studying piano for ten years, represented her school on the teen-age fashion board at Carson Pirie Scott, and took dancing lessons for a long time, although it turned out that "I just wasn't made for ballet."

She related that on a recent trip to New York she had talked to Lee Strasberg, the renowned drama director and teacher whose 17-year-old daughter is a hit on Broadway. He offered to give her an audition whenever she wants one.

"When I was about seven," said Bette, "I won a scholarship to the Art Institute. I guess it was because I made the nose with a triangle instead of three dots, or some psychological reason like that."

PROFIT-SHARING PLAN

A West Side druggist provides this addition to the cartage theft anecdotes published here in March:

A couple of years ago the druggist bought three pairs of pants at Bond's. He took two of them home, leaving the other one to be altered and delivered to the store.

About a week later a man entered the store and asked, "Did you order a pair of pants from Bond's?"

"Yes," said the druggist.

"You'll never get them," the visitor announced with conviction.

"What do you mean, I'll never get them," the druggist wanted to know.

"I just stole them off the truck," the man said. "I'll sell them to you for half price. Then you tell Bond's you never got them and they'll give you a refund."

The druggist indignantly refused

and called the police, while the quondam salesman ran out of the store.

The man was never caught, but cartage detail police found out more about how he operated by asking some questions around the neighborhood. If the packages he stole had been paid for, he offered the half-price deal. If they were C.O.D., he simply made the deliveries and collections.

THE FLYING CAMEL

During World War I, 6,000 redoubtable Sopwith Camel fighting planes were manufactured in England. Today there are four left.

Three are museum pieces. One is owned by the Royal Canadian Air Force, one by the Royal Aero club of London and one by the South Kensington (England) museum.

The fourth is the only one that still flies. When it isn't buzzing high above nearby cornfields, it is housed in a hangar at Chicagoland airport on Milwaukee avenue beyond Libertyville. Its pilot is Frank Tallman, a tall, slim, brown-eyed advertising representative at WBBM.

Tallman is well-qualified for the exciting task of Camel driving. An Army flying instructor before World War II and a Navy instructor during the war, he holds all the pilot ratings there are and at present is commander of a naval reserve helicopter squadron at Glenview.

Tallman's antique aviation venture started in 1949 when, poking through a private museum in New Jersey, he came upon four junked fighting planes of the first war: the Camel, a German Pfalz, a French Spad and a French Nieuport. He bought all four for $500.

The Pfalz and the Spad he shipped to another ancient plane enthusiast in Atlanta, who agreed to rebuild the Pfalz for Tallman, accepting the Spad as his fee. That work is now going on. The Camel was sent to a Peoria mechanic, with the Nieuport going along to pay for its restoration which was completed last year.

Tallman thinks his Camel was brought to this country by Clarence Chamberlin, one of the first fliers to span the Atlantic nonstop. It was little more than a skeleton when he got it, and the rebuilding was a tedious, lengthy chore. Tallman wrote for blueprints from the plane's maker,

Above: Frank Tallman looks over the engine that spins as the Camel flies, admires Vickers machine guns that punctured German aviation, and gets ready to soar. Right: He comes in for a landing.

and insisted that it be exactly like the original Camel.

"I'm like an antique auto bug," he says. "Why bother with an antique if it isn't authentic? If, for example, I put a modern engine in it, it wouldn't be a Camel."

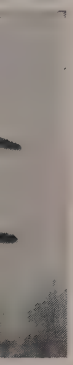
Even so, except that it's a biplane, the Camel looks surprisingly modern —more like a plane of fifteen years ago than nearly forty. It's a tiny thing and compact, with smooth lines and a round, blunt nose neatly cowled in aluminum. The fuselage has a slight hump forward which covers the breeches of the twin Vickers machine guns in front of the single cockpit, and it is this hump which gave the Sopwith its nickname.

Tallman's Camel has its original nine - cylinder, 110 - horsepower LeRhone engine. It has a top speed of 124 miles per hour, a landing speed of only 34. Against a strong wind it sets down at walking speed. Its theoretical ceiling is 24,000 feet. The primitive planes of World War I could operate at altitudes that even today seem rather high. The Camel in the South Kensington museum shot down a German zeppelin at 19,000 feet above the English channel.

The engine is perhaps the strangest part of the Camel. When Tallman primes its nine cylinders with gasolin and then cranks the propeller by hand the whole motor spins around with th prop—at 1200 r.p.m. The old LeRhon of French design, is a rotary, not th familiar radial engine. The axle doe not turn; it is fixed to the fuselage an the engine and prop spin around it.

The entire plane, guns and al weighs only 900 pounds, and as th engine weighs 400 its rotation sets u a tremendous torque—the tendency o a single-engine plane to twist in th opposite direction from that in whic prop and engine are turning. To off set this tendency, wings and/or ta surfaces are modified. But of all early planes powered with rotary engines the Camel remained the most torque of all.

Tallman says that Camels have tw distinctions: They shot down mor enemy aircraft than any other Worl War I planes, and they killed mor pilots in crashes. Because the engin spins to the right, the torque is to th left, and it was in fighting the torqu in efforts to bank and turn right afte takeoff that most of the crashes oc curred. Legend has it, says Tallma that the now universal practice o circling to the left after takeoff deve oped from the Camel's dangerous ob stinacy.



photographs by Don Bronstein

'he engine has a couple of other uliarities. It either runs wide open not at all. It can't be throttled vn. To slow down when landing, pilot presses a button that cuts off engine completely. When the en- e catches again, the button is ssed once more, and this goes on il the plane has been babied to ground. It's a tricky procedure, ecially on a gusty day.

'he engine is lubricated oddly. Gas l oil are fed into it together, so that y mix and go right into the cylin- s that way. The lubricant must al- ys be pure castor oil, which is con- ıed at the rate of two gallons per r.

n the air, Tallman knows his Camel getting sufficient lubricant when plets of castor oil blown out in the aust collect on the wings and kle back in tiny rivulets. Much of time the pilot is sniffing castor oil ıes, and some wartime Camel flyers ɔ were either sensitive or suggesti- were said to be always very happy get back to base after a mission.

'allman considers his rather expen- e hobby well worth the price. He s the camaraderie of the small, sely knit fraternity of antique-plane gs. They are constantly trading ts. At any time, for example, Tallman may get a call from someone in California who needs something for an obsolete Hall Scott aircraft engine. He may have it in the garage of his home in Glenview, where he lives with his wife and two small children, or he may refer his caller to someone in Texas, or even in England.

There is also, of course, the fun of flying an antique. The Camel handles delicately and Tallman enjoys having the wind and sun on his face now and then—an exhilarating experience few of the millions of persons who fly have known in these days of closed cabins.

"It seems less like an impersonal, cold machine," Tallman says. "And it's fun to know that it's the only plane of its kind that flies. I suppose I get some of the satisfaction an art lover gets when he discovers a genuine Van Dyck in an attic and dusts it off and brings it out where it belongs."

There is also the knowledge that he is contributing to aviation, especially to the history of flying. An old training plane—a Curtiss Jenny—Tallman owned is now being used in Hollywood in films about Lindbergh and Billy Mitchell. Eventually Tallman's Camel will go to the national air museum of the Smithsonian institution. But before that his German Pfalz may be ready to fly.

INTERPRETIVE REPORTING

This is a condensed version of a news story from the daily student paper at Lane Technical high school:

"On Friday the executive committee called for a special meeting of the student council. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss bill No. 15. Bill No. 15 called for the buying and installing of a Hammond electric organ in the auditorium. This organ cost about $2,500.

"Mr. Thue, the council's sponsor, informed the council how they had accumulated so much money. Mr. Thue said that about two hundred dollars are left in the budget every semester. Through the years this surplus has risen to about $3,800.

"The next man to speak before the council was Mr. Schneider, the head of the music department. Mr. Schneider was to give the merits of an organ, but he ended up in telling how the music department needs an organ. Mr. Schneider told of how he has been unable to get the orchestra together for an assembly on numerous occasions. The organ would be able to replace the orchestra on these occasions.

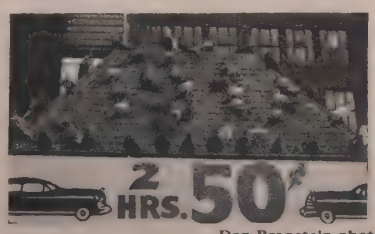
"Mr. Schneider was able to pat himself on the back and tell himself, 'Schneider, a job well done,' as he saw the council vote favorable on the first reading of his bill.

"On Monday the executive committee again called for a special meeting. This meeting also called for the purpose of discussing bill No. 15. With the absence of Mr. Schneider, the council began to think about other ways of spending its money. A motion was made, stating that a committee of five be formed to look into the possibilities of how the council could spend its money. This was passed and President Ron Kielar appointed the committee of five headed by Niles Fagerman.

"The week's regular meeting of the student council was held on the 15th. . . . Nils Fagerman, chairman of the committee to look into the possibilities of spending the council's money, said that there were five ways. They were as follows: rehabilitation of the clinic, a monument with the school's name on it erected on the corner of Addison and Western, a scholarship fund and an organ.

"There were two practical items: the monument and the organ. Due to the fact that the administration did not want the monument, the only thing left for consideration was the organ. . . . Art Weren made a motion to bring his money bill, bill No. 15, on the floor for the first order of old business. The motion was carried. After Weren, Perschke, Weber and Richards gave some discussion on bill No. 15, Kukla called for the question. After the count was taken a call for a roll-call vote was made. After the roll-call vote was taken bill No. 15 was passed by two votes."

ROOFTOP PARKING



Don Bronstein photo

"Most mayors fire people to get rid of them. When I fire 'em, I still got 'em." Things are in one —— of a —— —— mess down in Aurora, but they're coming to a head.

by Bernard Asbell

THE WORST MAYOR IN AMERICA

Aurora, population 54,000, largest community in the thriving Fox river valley, which cuts a long furrow 30 miles west of Chicago, is a model city for all Americans to observe and ponder. No free-voting community can afford not to learn from its lesson.

Aurora's situation is a model of community calamity. Its chief executive is unquestionably the worst mayor in America. The city is headed by an uninformed, self-seeking, bigoted, profane, impetuous, boisterous, bungling, unpredictable buffoon.

It is also true that the head of this city is one of the most entertaining men ever to hold public office. But the time has come for the city to have its head examined.

Three years have passed since Paul Egan switched his source of livelihood from the unemployment compensation rolls to the public payroll as top man in town. Many Aurorans still don't know much about him. He hardly ever speaks in public, though he hardly ever stops talking in private. When his antics hit the papers, people laugh, partly at him, partly with him. He is a conversation piece. People who don't see him can hardly help but enjoy, sometimes admire him.

So, when his term ends next April, in the opinion of many local leaders, he may be elected again. These leaders shudder at the thought, but not out of partisanship. While municipal elections are non-partisan, they are not half as non-partisan as the mayor. When he ran for the office (or when he stumbled into it, as we shall see), one of h rare appearances was before a Repul lican rally. There he dynamited i stony conservatism with the salut "You guys are worse than the —— —— Communists." Office-starve Democrats, sensing an ally, gleeful ushered him to a rally of their ow where Egan sounded off, "You Dem crats aren't so hot, either. In fac you're just as bad."

Once in office, Egan became eve more eloquent. Invited to greet th county medical society, Egan aros looked around and blurted, "I'll b —— ——. I forgot who you guys are Then reminded, he denounced th doctors as a bunch of quacks, chief interested in money. To prove h point, he stormed at length about

d whose doctor once refused to a house call. Later, he dressed the lawyers in the same way. y no lawyer in town, save one for ime being, will accept a case from n. For the ministers, he stores up ecial brew of vitriol. Once at a council meeting, Egan declared, re's no religion in the United s today. All there is is a racket. kind of a racket." He rubbed his inger against his thumb in a ges- of avarice. The ministers let that his being a free country, but they notice publicly of the mayor's huric language. At council meet- where his uninhibited explosions the second floor are frequently d clearly on the first, it used to ustomary for a minister to offer pening prayer. Today, ministers 't come, except when the mayor is of town. Then one always shows to pray while the sun shines. io station WMRO used to broad- council meetings, a type of public ice which warms the heart of the eral Communications commission. r airing some of Egan's language, tin O'Brien, station manager, can- d the broadcasts out of fear of the e agency.

ut nothing, not anything, com- s with the mayor's feeling for nbers of the council itself. He has angued them, harassed them, sued n, demanded their collective resig- ons and on one occasion, ordered n to jail. (They were not put in because the Aurora police depart- t, which has had eight chiefs in e years, pays no attention to what mayor says anymore.)

I'm no more mayor than you are," n complains. "Until I get my ver back, I sit here like a —— goon l twiddle my —— —— thumbs. town's being run by a phony ef, a phony corporation counsel. t a —— —— department in the ole —— city government is co- rating with me. I'm trying to do job, but they're trying to put me the booby hatch."

Each of four commissioners, who sit h the mayor to comprise a five-man ncil, has specific executive duties, ile the mayor, as commissioner of blic affairs, theoretically coordinates m. So despite him, the executive rk of the city goes on day by day. Some sigh philosophically that re's only another year of this to go, why not enjoy it? Others warn that departure is not so sure because, prising as it seems, the town still esn't know much about Paul Egan.

FIRST ENCOUNTER with Aurora's roarious mayor went something like s: On a Wednesday night I phoned his home to tell him I wanted to interview him for an article. He said he would meet me in his office Thursday at 4 p.m. He had to be in Springfield most of Thursday on "official business" which turned out to be, like most of his business, an appearance in court.

At 4 p.m. and again at 5, I checked with Egan's secretary, a middle-aged blonde woman. She hadn't heard from him and she went home.

Next morning I called Egan, who answered the phone himself. "I'm terribly sorry about yesterday," he started out. "I was down in Springfield and just as I was set to leave town, I saw one of those new buses, you know, the two-story ones all made of glass that Greyhound's putting out. I never been on one of those and it was going to Joliet, so I took a little bus ride up there and had my wife come and pick me up with the car, so you know it was pretty late when I came back."

When I entered his office later that morning, where his secretary had sat the day before, there now squatted a man, dressed for a cold day outside (which it was not), typing furiously. He looked up long enough to say, "Be with you in a minute." It was the mayor. He wore a heavy black overcoat over a blue suit, a gray Homburg, obviously an old and trusted keepsake not to be separated from its owner even long enough for the cleaners, a soft and gently rumpled shirt of the type worn by bus drivers, and a red-and-blue knitted tie. Attention is commanded by the lower of his two chins which swoops around mightily, becoming one with his neck. He appeared unshaven, though a closer look revealed no growth of whiskers. "In fairness to him," a critic had told me the day before, "it should be said he never looks like he has shaved even on the rare occasions when he has."

Looking hotly down at his typewriter through light shell-rimmed glasses, he huffed and puffed, mouth open. When he finished, he ripped the papers out of the machine, separated a set of carbons and threw them at me, saying, with pride, "How do you like that?" It was a lengthy memo, two full pages, touching upon the plunderers of the city, the hardships inflicted upon him by the forces of evil, the terrible uphill fight it was to make the world run right. But the main point of it was to fire two members of the Civil Service board. Immediately. Then he showed me a shorter memo "to the Aurora Police Department" (he never addresses the chief since he doesn't recognize the one in office) firing two captains and a patrolman.

"And these —— —— secretaries

At the ends of stormy days in city hall, after battling against councilmen, lawyers, ministers, businessmen and the "vested interests," the mayor leaves the smoldering scene alone, with no allies and few friends.

don't make things any easier. Now this one's gone. I guess it's the fifteenth one that's turned on me."

Is she the one who was here yesterday?

"Yeah, the ——, —— —— it."

Isn't she going to come back?

"I hope not, —— —— it. Especially now, I don't want her snooping around here."

Why not now?

"Because in this —— —— memo that she wasn't here to type that I just did myself I just fired her husband from the —— —— civil service board. I tell you this —— —— thing is coming to a head around here. Now even the ——, —— lawyers have deserted me. Only one —— —— lawyer will talk to me the way things have shaped up. And maybe after this call, he won't either."

He dialed and addressed a man named Charlie. Without stopping to identify himself, he announced that "Things are coming to a head around

All is rosy between the newly-elected mayor and his first chiefs of police and fire departments (after he decided not to insist on holding the offices himself), Henry "Go-get-em-Hank" Reckinger and William Ernst. A few days later pandemonium broke out. Egan fired Reckinger, who refused to leave office.

In the ensuing months, a parade of eight police chiefs have tried to preserve sanity in Aurora. Egan was barred by the courts from interfering with police matters after he ordered his chief to blockade interstate highways to keep trucks out of his city. He even hailed a few trucks to the side of the road himself.

here." He read Charlie with righteous anger but with literary pride the long memo he had just written, firing the civil service officials. Then he paused. "But I already mailed them," he told Charlie, while he was still separating the copies from each other. "What's wrong with the date? . . . Then with this date, it's no good . . . Well, —— —— the —— . . . What the —— the difference about the —— date . . . I'm not going to let them —— —— stop me on any —— technicality like that. I tell you this thing's building to a great big head around here." He slammed the phone down. He asked for my copy of the memo. Together with his own, he tore it into small bits.

OF ALL THE LEGAL PROCEEDINGS which have consumed so much of the mayor's time, the most demanding have concerned cops, former cops and would-be cops. It all started with nothing but the good of the community at heart when Egan took office and announced that he was appointing himself fire chief and police chief, thus saving two major salaries. A couple of weeks later, while the council was still puzzling over this precedent, Egan changed his mind and appointed a constable named Henry Reckinger, known locally as "Go-get-em Hank," as police chief. Another two weeks and he changed his mind again, naming a patrolman from the Chicago police force, Ray Coutre. Reckinger refused to vacate. Moreover, the council refused to approve the new man. Coutre returned to Chicago and wired Egan that things being how they are he didn't believe he'd take the job. Soon Reckinger quit. Next came Donald Curran, an experienced police officer. The blowup between Curran and Egan arose over the problem of long-haul trucks congesting Aurora. Egan had worked out a route by which trucks could leave U.S. 30 and by-pass the city at considerable cost in time and mileage. He went to Springfield and asked Governor Stratton to compel trucks to use it. The Governor replied that (a) he cannot control federal highways but that (b) the state highway commission already was planning a new by-pass for Aurora to be ready the next year. Furious because the governor did not act immediately, Egan declared publicly that Stratton was a "phony" who wasn't interested in helping because Kane county is already solidly Republican. He printed up maps of his by-pass and ordered Chief Curran to stop all trucks and strongly suggest that they follow the route. When the campaign failed, Egan ordered Curran to nab truckers on obscure violations like dirty mirrors and mud-splattered license plates. Dubious, Curran complied again. The first day, trucks were backed up on the highway eight miles in each direction. Next Sunday morning, 100 truckers demonstrated outside Egan's house. Egan pressed on, ordering Curran to barricade the city limits to keep trucks out. Here Curran rebelled. "You'll be in your own jail before the sun sets. The United States marshal will be out here," he warned the mayor. "To hell with the —— —— —— ——," Egan retorted. "I'm the —— —— mayor!" Next day, the truckers won an injunction. Egan fired Curran and Curran went to court, too. He quickly got another injunction forbidding Egan to tamper with the police department. The injunction was served on Ega a deputy sheriff named John Fi The mayor brushed the notice a scrutinized Finley and saw in hi new police chief. Egan swore hi on the spot. Later, the sheriff ad Finley to just forget it and that the end of Finley's term of office. Egan swore in police lieutenant F Carroll, but Curran stayed. Only resort left, Egan swore himself Three days later, the court cited E for contempt for withholding Cur pay and the same day one of Cur men arrested the mayor for speed "Things are coming to a head ar here," he thundered. He called emergency meeting of the police fire boards where he named p sergeant Casper Niser as chief. gether with Curran and himself, made three chiefs at one time. only significant change which place at the meeting was that Ja N. Vaughan, a police board mem announced he was fed up and When Curran's year was up, he bo out with apparent relief and the c cil appointed Capt. Francis Tighe. is still on the job, even though E has fired him numerous times. Tom Duggan's TV show, E moaned one night, "Most mayors people to get rid of them. Whe fire 'em, I still got 'em."

THE MAYOR'S PRESENT pretender to rank of chief of police, and also closest associate and constant com ion, is a local kitchenware s named Glen Palmatier. He is a t quiet man. He wears an effec broad-brimmed hat, but its effec cancelled out by a receding chin tight, nervous lips. Through rim

sses, his eyes seem always on the ge of making a desperate decision. matier says his business has gone hell and he is out $3,300 in legal ts in the fight to establish himself ef of police. "But some —— —— ——," he says with quiet determi- ion, "is going to have to come up h a lot one of these days." He ns to collect back pay dating from rch 11, 1955, when he was "ap- inted." Palmatier never disagrees th Egan. Sometimes he asks a lite, clarifying question. But most the time, when he talks, it is to plify the mayor's feelings about ney."

Next in the mayor's unofficial cab- et is an elderly tobacco chewer, who ears a cap and lumber jacket, called orse Bitterman. Nobody seems to low his real first name. Once a dead rse was found in the street and hile spectators wondered how one ts rid of such an item, Bitterman, cording to legend, carried it away. e, too, is a thin man and he has little say about anything until the con- rsation turns to "they." Then Horse usually more expressive than any- dy except, of course, the mayor.

If anything ever takes precedence er profanity in Mayor Egan's con- rsation it is "they." Depending upon e topic, the pronoun describes the hamber of Commerce, the Fox River alley Manufacturer's association, the ty council, the Aurora *Beacon-News,* en-agers today, all ministers, law- rs, doctors and "joiners," and most the dumb —— people who don't now what the hell they want. Pre- isely it describes any person, group r instrumentality contributing to to- ay's general state of human confusion which Aurora, America and the orld are going straight to Hell. "As long as they run this town and all its —— politics for their own pocket- books, somebody's got to be in there fighting for the people. They drove me out of business and they've got me hog-tied right now but I'm not licked."

Egan always equates his personal defeats with the problems of "the people." Also, he is always quicker to name a problem than to propose a solution. Pinned down to solutions, he says, "It all comes down to how they distribute the wealth." When he's forced a step further to describe how the wealth should be distributed: "I've thought about that a little. It gets pretty —— complicated. But they'll have to find some —— —— way to do it." At such times, he usu- ally switches to a joke or a protest. But he comes back. "I'll tell you what the solution is. You know how they work that industry deal, don't you? One-third for wages, one-third for ex- penses and one-third for profit. That's the deal. They got to find a way to increase the wages part of it and put everything on a sound income basis. Otherwise they'll have us —— —— —— —— for sure."

The mayor recently has been "in correspondence" with Henry Ford ("the younger one, you know"). "It all started with that half a billion dol- lar gift of his to the schools and hos- pitals. My last letter to him, he hasn't answered it yet, I told him what he should do is raise a hundred billion dollars and distribute it around to the working man so he could keep a full month ahead of the sheriff instead of just two weeks like he does now."

Egan doesn't know who he'll sup- port for president, but it doesn't trou- ble him much. He respects Stevenson because he once "had no trouble" getting Stevenson on the telephone while he was governor. "But he's too —— —— lacey-pantsed for the peo- ple."

Eisenhower? "The people will never stomach him. Too soft-headed, like the rest of them down there." Kefau- ver was eliminated in unmentionable terms. Thus having disposed of the serious contenders, he was faced with naming who he was for. "I've thought about that once or twice, who might make a good president. I think this fellow Wayne Morse, from Idaho or Utah or wherever that place is. I don't know much about him. But he's been thrown out of a lot of places, just like me. If not him, maybe Gen- eral MacArthur. Except that he's too much like Kerensky, that Russian gen- eral." Then he related a complex tale about the Czarina and Rasputin. When he had Rasputin swimming un- der the ice of the Northern sea but wouldn't die and the people took that as an omen, the mayor's line of reason- ing became obscured. He would not be for Senator McCarthy because Mc- Carthy, he says, is too much a mouth- piece for the Catholic church "and we have enough churchy —— claw- ing at our necks now." But he is not against Catholics. He reveals that a broad business survey has been quietly taken to determine the most efficient enterprise in the world. "They studied IBM, General Motors, everybody." The winner, Egan reports, was the Catholic church.

THERE ARE POSITIVE SIDES to the May- or's stormy tenure. In a community which had long screamed for them, two swimming pools have been con- structed. Because they were built dur- ing his term of office, Egan is credited with them. The truck by-pass is now open, to the genuine relief of the city,

The mayor lives in the most neglected house in one of the nicest neighbor- hoods on the west side of Aurora. While hardly any associates ever get inside, most of them talk about a barber chair in his front room which enables the mayor to crank himself up to an eye level higher than anybody's.

Egan earned a lot of approval when he sent kids out to collect money for a mosquito-spraying campaign, after he claimed the city council denied the funds to do it. The council claimed it merely wanted to take time to budget the money legally. Meanwhile, Egan posed for pictures getting in a few anti-mosquito licks.

and since the mayor was so demonstrative in siding with it, he gets credit for that, too. And then there was the anti-mosquito drive. Egan once called a citizens meeting and announced indignantly that the council had denied him money to spray the town against flies and mosquitoes. He ordered the work done anyway and sent out teams of children to ask for public contributions. They collected $7,016, to the embarrassment of the council. "Doggone it," one city commissioner said, "we weren't against spraying. But he came up with the idea the week after we'd adopted the budget, which included no funds for spraying. The way he works, everything has to be right now, bang, or you're against him. We just wanted to provide the money legally before we spent it. And don't be quoting me, or I'll find myself in court again."

If Egan's desire to distribute the wealth is a complex way to solve problems, on one occasion he came up with a simpler cure-all: safety belts. He proposed the city buy 22,000 of them and require that all car passengers use them. Moreover, he would require them for all employees of the city incinerator because he had heard of five deaths in other towns caused by men falling into garbage pits. "We could buy the belts for $3," he urged the council, "and install them for another buck. Then if we charged everybody $7, we'd make $77,000 for the city. With that money we could fill all the —— holes in every —— —— street in town. If that cost $33,000, you boys would still have $47,000 to kick around."

But his most ambitious scheme, and he's still hot for it, is to erect a $20,000,000 all-purpose skyscraper which would bridge the Fox River ("so the —— —— real estate owners can't get rich off the rent"). "I woke up one morning and it hit me. The reason there is no auditorium here is those —— don't want three hundred people together at one time." A dream structure went up in his mind and went down in a little pocket-sized zippered notebook, where most of his plans begin and often end. It would consist of a 3,000-car garage, city hall, YMCA, stores, light manufacturing, a dormitory "for all the old maids in town," an old people's home, an auditorium, a municipal hospital, Goldblatt's ("they haven't made up their minds definitely about it yet"), an armory, a recreation center, apartments, a YWCA, a bowling alley and the home office of an insurance company. "All under one roof, all over one foundation." The surrounding area would be equipped with a moving sidewalk by Aurora's Stephens-Adamson company (which this year is installing one in Wrigley field) "so the —— —— people who are so —— lazy today that they don't want to move a —— muscle could get any thing they want, even get their teeth fixed and go see a lawyer with no trouble. Be the greatest —— thing since Seven-Up."

Egan hired Evert Kincaid, a Chicago planner, to draw up an overall plan for the "Aurora of Tomorrow." Kincaid vetoed the over-the-river structure as uneconomic and Egan fired him. When the council rehired him to help solve the parking problem, Egan protested that Kincaid's fee was exorbitant and that any local engineer "with an ounce of brains" could do the job.

The mayor is not a consistent enthusiast for local talent. Six months after he took office, his corporation counsel, Tom O'Malley, resigned in utter bewilderment. Egan appointed Albert W. Dilling, a Chicago lawyer. Dilling came to a council meeting and sat silently through a loud rhubarb over his swearing-in. That night by letter, he resigned from the office in which he never served, saying, "I saw myself as a peacemaker between the mayor and the council. I find I'm not such a good peacemaker. I further find there are 91 lawyers residing in Aurora, but it seems none of them wants this job."

FOR PAUL EGAN, life has been a long arduous downhill climb, starting with numerous promising successes, continuing through numerous quite-avoidable failures to the final glory of the state unemployment rolls in one of the most prosperous years in American history, 1953, when he was elected mayor. His father, the descendant of Irish revolutionaries, ran a livery stable in Ottawa, Illinois, which Egan has since described as a "filthy hole." Except, that is, for its appellate court where Egan once enjoyed the rare circumstance of winning a lawsuit. When World War I erupted, young Egan already had found a job in Aurora as a meter repairman for the old Western United Gas and Electric company. He switched to becoming an advertising salesman for the Aurora *Beacon-News*. His first day on the job, he sold three quarter-page ads to hospitals which used to get space free. ("They must have thought I was Irish Catholic.") Soon he decided to join the army. Turned down because he weighed only 108 pounds, he made for Canada and the Royal Air Force. Asked where he was born, he said, "Ottawa." He was accepted.

After the war, Egan returned to selling ads for the *Beacon-News* where he stayed until 1941, an admirable display of stability. That year another man

Mayor Egan had a lot of fun on Leap Year when single girls took over the city for a patrolled the streets and "arrested" si men. Just a little while before Egan was p fully banished from office by mayor-for-a Mary Reinhart, above, he fired the comm in charge of the traditional festivity. He cha Mrs. Ernest Van Auken, sr., the city's lea socialite, was trying to corner all the p licity and that she was "an old mud hen."

Picture credits: Page 24, United Pr pages 25-26, International News P tos; page 27, left, Aurora Bea News, right, INP; page 28, UP.

was appointed advertising manag Egan, incensed, left the paper, and consigned it to the category of "th ever since. (To one of his sons, paper is "we." He delivers the He took up with the Joliet *Spec tor*, an independent weekly which b tles the daily *Herald-News*. (T latter paper is a sister of the Aur *Beacon-News* in the Copley Pr chain. It has consistently covered for the vested interests in Joliet, cluding the immediate past mayor, cently indicted for income tax evas on alleged political payoffs.) A rovi promotional eye then led Egan to t Merchandise Mart, where he p suaded the management of the worl largest business center to let him st a sheet for employees there and to se advertising from the building's ret tenants. One day he came to work a found his belongings piled out in t corridor. His latest edition had carri a typically rambling and splene harangue, dwelling upon how the Je got us into World War II. The M threw him out. Back in Aurora, joined up with the *Economist*, anoth "opposition" weekly. Soon, Eg bought out his aging employer, th becoming the only competition, su as it was, to the daily *Beacon-Ne* Egan again apportioned some of printed space to editorial blas mainly at the *Beacon-News*. As

n the case in a one-newspaper n, many people nodded approval. ling out his power, he turned his orial cannons on some of the mer- nts themselves, particularly those joined the forces of evil by not ertising in his paper. He published s of merchants to boycott. Some- es he slipped up, accepting an ad n a dealer and blacklisting him, . The paper, though spiced with orful and unpredictable analyses of awful state of civilization every- ere, began to sink fast and, after an successful appeal to readers for ds, it finally went under.

Egan went back to the Joliet *Spec- or,* then enrolled for state unem- yment compensation during what *Spectator's* publisher, Bill McCabe, s described as a "leave of absence." emoralized by his publishing failure, gan desperately needed a place to , a place where he could show 'em, ere the crooks and wrong-doers d chicken-hearted non-advertisers uldn't touch him, nor stop him from aking the world spin the right way— s way. With these thoughts he drove t of Joliet late one Saturday after- on. "Suddenly I began to wonder. hat can I do as a mayor that they ouldn't let me do as a publisher?" he following Monday was deadline r filing in the Aurora primary. He opped his car and called city hall. It as five minutes after 4. He instructed e clerk there to prepare petitions. 5, he'd pick them up, he promised. or one of the rare occasions in his fe, he was on time. Next day, he ajoled a few friends into collecting me names. The law requires only 5, but he had no trouble picking up 00, mostly of voters he'd never met.

HE "OLD CROWD" IN AURORA politics as been around a long time. Voters re bored with it. Some are even uspicious. Rumors keep circulating f a Dun & Bradstreet evaluation at 150,000 of one city commissioner. How," ask the sponsors of these ru- nors, "do you save that kind of money n a $5,000 salary?"

Egan's face was a new one; in fact, nearly invisible one since he made hardly a single personal appearance luring the campaign. For two special ampaign editions, he exhumed the *Economist* to condemn the vested in- erests and to demonstrate that things were coming to a head. That was pretty much Egan's campaign. But bored voters styled their own image of a sleeves-rolled-up champion of the downtrodden. His depressed economic circumstances, a wife and four kids to support, these contributed a poetic setting for the image. Although he didn't know it, the less he talked, the more potent a candidate Paul Egan became. The incumbent mayor, the late Lloyd C. Markel, didn't bother with any pre-primary campaign at all. He was astonished to read the morning after primary day that he was out, and that a run-off would pose John Van Ham, former city treasurer and a shoe merchant, against unemployed Paul Egan. Van Ham, himself, was one of the "old faces." That fact contributed further to building the myths swirling around the unemployed newcomer who had suddenly become the talk of the town. When election came, Paul Egan won by 2,811 votes. His face was printed on the first pages of Chicago papers three columns wide. The novelty of a jobless father becoming an $8,000-a-year mayor seemed utterly American wherever it was printed—and it was printed almost everywhere. At home, on election night, even Egan felt the mantle of the statesman settling upon him as he told the multitude: "I am asking that by-gones be by-gones and that everyone work together toward a common purpose of making Aurora a better town."

Much of Egan's support had come from working people who responded to the candidate's volleys, fired like flack at the high and mighty. Egan has been compared to Huey Long for his success in appealing to the poor with sharp-tongued but toothless attacks upon the rich. The parallel hardly applies, since Egan's thrusts do not appear to be part of a grand-scale scheme to confuse and conquer. They are simply the spasms of an angry advertising salesman who always has felt ground down by a set of rules for behavior he never made. Advertising is bought (or not bought) by the rich, so his assaults upon the non-advertising "they" have had an appeal to many have-nots, honestly looking for a spokesman of their own kind.

At the AFL hall on Main street, working men at the bar and at card tables in the basement club room laugh about Egan, but he is admired as a scrapper, "and this town needs some of that." There is a willingness, too, to excuse and explain away some of the outlandish mayoral behavior:

"I can tell you why he swears so much. Because everybody down there is against him. It would make anybody swear."

"That time he came down on (Justice of the Peace) John Chivarri's head with a pair of shears, I tell you Chivarri had it coming to him, anyhow."

"He wants to do the right things. He just isn't very good at knowing how to get cooperation from the others."

Few of the men have seen Egan, except in the street. Hardly any have heard him speak. Their knowledge of him is based on newspaper items and conversation about a rambunctious fat man giving his all to fight the mighty, one who is ready to tell off everybody and anybody. The image is an exciting and pleasing one.

Egan's opponents say he hurt his cause (though his supporters remain unexcited) when he brought his troubles about life in America to Anastas Mikoyan, deputy premier of the U.S.S.R. Last February, Egan attended a civil defense conference for mayors in Washington. Egan kept taking the floor, according to one mayor, "with loud rambling speeches heaping abuse on everything and everybody." Another said he had "never witnessed such an incredible display." When some mayors started to leave, Egan shouted, "Anybody who walks out of this room is a nit-wit." The burden of his talk, though somewhat muffled by his own clamor, was the suggestion that all mayors and their wives ought to be flown to Russia so they could see for themselves what goes on there. Since the mayors were not moved to act on the idea, Egan wrote a long letter to Mikoyan. "I believe," it said, "that the bells of the free world should be tolled for the death of free speech here in the United States. In an open meeting called by the President of the United States to inform the mayors of communities of over 50,000 of the dangers lurking in the world today and to hold a free and open discussion. . . . I was shut up and the meeting adjourned." Amidst the general shock, Egan chuckled, "I sure gave them mayors an earful and got Aurora a bucket load of publicity."

The president of one of Aurora's three banks, who likes to chat with people who come in to cash their pay checks, thinks Egan may be hard to beat. He, too, observes that most people "never see the mayor when he is really in action."

Among the "old faces" there is growing apprehension of a possible hot scramble for the front office in city hall, thus splitting and decimating Egan's opposition.

Egan, still not much of a planner, shrugs: "I don't even know if I'll run again. Last time, I'll bet they spent $100,000 to beat me. This time the —— fools will spend five times as much, maybe even a million. What the hell? Why don't I just split the difference with them and retire?"

But in the mind of one city official and political veteran, there's no doubt about what Egan will do:

"Of course he'll run again. He has to. Where else could he get a job?" ■

ith WNBQ as the world's first fulltime inbow station, the city becomes the crucial nter of an entertainment revolution

UR STARRING ROLE IN COLOR TV

by Jack Mabley

he time and money spent by the electronics industry to perfect or television probably exceeds that ich medical science has thrown hinst the common cold. The net ult is that the common cold is still th us and color television has joined All that separates you from your st color TV set is desire and about 00.

For nearly a decade the moderately formed citizen has known color telesion as something that CBS and CA were fighting about in Federal urt, something that doctors looked to watch a colleague remove an apndix; and as a device which might ect his life sometime in the future, t which was no immediate threat to s pocketbook or peace of mind.

Suddenly it is 1956; the court fights e over; the engineers are finished; e electron beams all go through the ght holes in the phosphor dot screen, d you can go into a department ore and buy a color television set at works. Perhaps you have done so ready. Most people who have are ad they did. Perhaps you have a iend who has asked you over to atch his color television, and you're getting the itch to buy your own. Most likely you're one of the 2,000,000 owners of black and white sets in this area whose only reaction to color television is an irritation over the blur that sometimes envelops very old-fashioned black and white pictures during a spectacular.

RCA won the fight against CBS. Columbia in 1950 had government approval of a Rube Goldberg kind of color TV with a large concealed color wheel spinning in front of the picture tube. RCA perfected an electronic tube which eliminated the Ferris wheel in front of the set, went to the FCC with it, and on Dec. 17, 1953, won government approval of its system. The next two years were spent working the flaws out of the system, setting up mass production lines, building receiving sets and learning how to produce color shows.

RCA ESTIMATES IT has spent $70,000,000 developing color television. The time has come when the stockholders want some of that money back. The engineers have done their job, and now color television has to be sold to the public. The Radio Corporation of America is smart enough to know that color television can be meaningless if it is used to transmit poor shows. Color TV has to be sold with good programming.

RCA has turned to Chicago to do the job.

On April 15 station WNBQ, the local NBC outlet, became the world's first all-color station, televising each of its local live programs in color. This is more than just another first for the city. The whole RCA color TV development program will be geared to the acceptance of color television here.

When it catches fire in Chicago, RCA will convert other stations to full use of color and will be on its way to one of the century's major advancements in entertainment, communication and advertising.

Maybe it is paradoxical to speculate on color television being a success or a flop when the major network shows already are being televised in color, and color receivers are available and good. Who hasn't read of the rich greens and frosty blues and other glorious tones of *Peter Pan, Cyrano,* the Spectaculars, the operas, *Wide Wide World,* the football games and

Versatility of TV color camera is shown in contrasting shots: above, the full spectrum caught in a scene from NBC's *Carmen*; below, the camera rides in to focus on a swirl of blues against a green background.

the World Series?

But there's one gray spot in t rosy picture. Not many people watch these shows on color sets. Even t jokes about going back to the saloo for TV haven't held up, because t saloons aren't buying. A black a white TV set may be a luxury to so and a necessity to others, but there no question about a color set. It is luxury.

RCA believes there is a mass mark for luxury items. More than 6,000,0 passenger cars were sold in a year i the automobile industry at arou $3,000 per. Tens of thousands radio-phonograph combinations s in the $600 to $900 range. So w not color TV in the same rang "After a 15 per cent down paymen pleads a color TV brochure, "T carrying charges on the $795 RC Victor color TV receiver, for a 2 month period, are only $33.12—w within the range of the mass market

There is a set on the market f $695, and others up to $1,000. Servi policies run around $100 for a ye and the installation charge is pr portionately higher than for black a white sets.

David Sarnoff, chairman of t board of RCA and the man m responsible for the big push for col TV, thinks the price will come dow to $500 when mass production begi rolling. In February RCA opened factory in the hills near Bloomingto Indiana, which has five assembly lin Each line can turn out one color T set a minute. Most of the lines no are manufacturing black and whi sets, but when the signal comes f conversion, they can produce near 750,000 color sets in a year. Robe A. Seidel, executive vice-president RCA Consumer Products, said t company expects to sell more th 200,000 color receivers this year. F figure is incompatible with one offer by W. R. G. Baker, a vice-president General Electric, who thinks t whole industry won't sell 150,0 color receivers in 1956.

RCA has handed WNBQ the assig ment of priming the pump. The mo people buy color television sets t cheaper they become to manufactur One man buys a set, two of his neig bors see it and in turn purchase se Four of their friends discover E Sullivan's rosy proboscis and conve to color; soon another assembly li at Bloomington follows suit.

In essence, WNBQ is charged wi convincing a large number of viewers that it is worth putting buying a new car for a year or tw in order to find out the color of Ch Youle's tweed coat and whether K Westfall's hair is really blonde. (V

save somebody money. It isn't.) Chicago was selected for NBC's big sh for several reasons. The station e has plenty of space on the top the Merchandise Mart, and it has engineers who know how to make or TV work. We have the second gest market in the nation. Chicago oduces more TV sets and radios n any other city. We know how merchandise. Twice each year re- ers and distributors from all over nation travel to the Mart for the me furnishings show. They'll see or television at its best and will ry the story back to their homes.

But, most important of all, we have icago style television, and Jules rbuveaux. When black and white evision began to develop commer- lly, Chicago was producing the best shows in the country. Los Angeles was riding with Ina Ray Hutton and Spade Cooley. New York was taking pictures of radio and Milton Berle. Chicago didn't have enough money to buy big productions, so it substituted ingenuity and good taste. *Garroway-at-Large* was the showcase of Chicago style television, and it literally taught the rest of the industry that TV was not radio with a picture, nor vaudeville, nor Broadway, but a brand new, distinct form of communication and art.

Chicago style television was person-to-person. Kukla, Fran and Ollie were part of it. So were Studs Terkel's show and *Zoo Parade*, and so were Tom Duggan and Clint Youle and Dorsey Connors and Clifton Utley and some other people who combined to make a bigger net profit for the local station than some entire networks were taking in.

A lot of talented people were involved in making this product, but the man who pulled it all together, who hired the talented people and turned them loose to work, who got their product into the coaxial cable, was Herbuveaux, then the program director, and now the vice-president in charge of the whole works at NBC in Chicago.

Garroway-at-Large is long gone from Chicago, and the city today is unimportant in network originations. Any number of explanations were given when Garroway moved to New York, but the show's expiration was inevitable. New York runs the network, and it was embarrassing to New

All photos by RCA, New York

Outdoor effect is that much easier to create in full color.

The "color girl" is a new occupational category in television.

o have Chicago producing better with less money. Garroway was ed, and the actual mechanics of ifing are of little importance.

Herbuveaux still is here, he still ing and training talented men. go style television still exists. difference today is that it is seen in Chicago, which is logical gh.

IS WHAT IS HAPPENING on top of Merchandise Mart. NBC set aside 0,000 to remodel the studios and ase color equipment. The main s are on the 19th and 20th floors e Mart, in the fortress that pyra- out of the top of the main struc- In the roof area adjacent to the studios the station has leased 00 feet to construct a building for production and service shops. It has access to an additional 25,000 re feet for expansion, and perhaps se as an outdoor color production

side the main building the station torn out and rebuilt walls and gs and pipes and wires and come with four color TV studios, five color TV camera chains, and two film camera chains.

e largest studio in the plant, io A, which used to originate oway's show, the Wayne King ram and *Hawkins Falls*, was re- eled and connected by a large cor- to a nearby former radio studio, ting one large TV production area er 5,000 square feet.

he status of radio is underlined in treatment of the radio master con- room, near this color area, which booted out and replaced by the o control equipment to serve all color studios.

n the 20th floor, overlooking the r studios, NBC has built an exhibi- hall in which color receivers will rate continually, even when the ion is broadcasting network black- -white programs. A floor-to-ceiling dow will allow the public to watch action in the studios.

And this massive labor of RCA, the enditure of tens of millions of dol- and years of work, is going to give h to what? What will it mean to tcher Rabbit, who is gray?

A local newspaperman who used to te a daily television column pleased self by inventing a cliché that ton Berle's jokes would be just as en in color as in monochrome. haps it was to avoid just such a ger that NBC got as far away from Berle school of thinking as possible setting up its test run for color.

Burr Tillstrom's characters are even re charming and alive in color than black and white, and a good many viewers think the Kuklapolitans finally have settled where they belong, on nighttime TV after the kids are in bed and we can enjoy some good grown up entertainment. Satire is an adult form of art, and nothing in television is more devastating than Burr Tillstrom when he is using Kukla and Ollie to puncture a few balloons.

Chicago has John Nash Ott's time-lapse color pictures of flowers, which justify the adjective "spectacular" far more than some of the television extravaganzas which masquerade under that name. Ott's simple expositions on how to make a garden grow will take on new meaning with the use of color.

Herbuveaux can be counted upon to come up with fashion shows and programs built around fabrics and home decorating aimed at women during the daytime, which will have them drooling for color receivers.

Clint Youle, Dorsey Connors, Jack Angell and Norm Barry will be tinted. For Barry color will do little more than affirm he has excellent taste in clothes, but the other three will have a dozen gimmicks a night built around color. This could be the beginning of the end of black coat hangers.

Network programs also will be used to try to prove that life is but an empty shell without color television. NBC hopes to have at least one major network attraction in color every night starting next fall, and it will, of course, continue daily network color shows, because that is when salesmen demonstrate sets and service men install and adjust them. It is debatable whether this information contributes to the advancement of color television, but for what it's worth, Howdy Doody has been in color since last fall. Every day.

CBS is throwing in an increasing number of tinted shows, and when the third network, ABC, becomes convinced that enough people own color sets, the kids probably will get the entire Disney series all over again, from the beginning, but this time in Glorious Color.

The television industry believes that price has not been the only factor holding back the sale of color receivers. There were not enough programs to create a demand, and as long as there were few sets there was no point in spending huge sums on programs. The networks obviously are doing their part to break that impasse. They're providing the programs, and the manufacturers are ready to turn out sets as fast as they are ordered.

Most local families will soon be faced with a decision whether they should invest in a color receiver. The argument against is fairly obvious. If a family operates on a budget, putting out $700 or more for a luxury item demands some pretty luxurious return. If the family is flush, it may have gotten that way by not spending $700 for a product that could cost $500 a year later.

What do you get for the money? As furniture the receivers look like most black and white sets. The screen is 21-inches, the most popular size for black and white. It no longer takes a trained technician to operate a receiver. There are only two additional controls on the RCA set—one adjusting the color intensity, the other adjusting for true or desired color shades. The color set is considerably more complicated inside than the black and white, so service is more expensive, and so is installation. However, the old antennas may be used for color receivers.

CHICAGO COLOR SET OWNERS generally report good reception and little more need for service than they had, or have, with black and white.

The color picture sells itself. The difference is more dramatic than that between a black and white and a colored motion picture, for reasons not easy to describe. Color definitely adds dimension to a television picture. The warmth and beauty it brings are more subtle than is the case with movie color systems.

Optimists in the industry think that color television will catch on and sell the way black and white did half a dozen years ago as mass production brought prices down from $395 for a 10-inch picture to $200 for a 21-inch set.

The optimists have been off base so far. The same people who see 400,000 color receivers being sold in the United States in 1956 were predicting that 300,000 would be sold in 1955. The actual sales in 1955 were about one-tenth the prediction, and resulted in the tremendous promotional drive now beginning here.

In the simplest terms, the color picture makes people want color receivers, and the price of the receivers keeps them satisfied with the old black and white ones. WNBQ's task is to convince them that the product is worth the premium price.

Good programs are RCA's sales clincher. Herbuveaux's engineers and electricians and carpenters and plumbers have finished their chores, and the time has arrived for the artists to get to work.

Color television in the home eventually will be as common as black and white TV is today. Whether this will happen in a year or five or in a decade will be determined largely by how Chicago reacts to WNBQ's programs. ■

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On May 17, The Chicago Sun-Times Book and Author Luncheon will move from the Crystal Ballroom of the Sheraton Blackstone Hotel to larger quarters in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel.

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CHICAGO SUN-TIMES
CHICAGO'S MODERN FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Don't Call Her Nancy O

International News photo

A Highland Park girl who just wants to be herself may also be the next great woman tennis player.

by Ed Smason

husky sergeant, lecturing a class in the use of radar, tries to k above the strains of a practicing school band.

long-limbed, brown-haired girl rns a smashing tennis serve, and okers nod their heads in approval. girl's pony tail is tied with a red on, her white blouse open at the r. Her non-committal expression s no hint that she may become youngest national women's tennis mpion since the recently retired ureen Connolly.

he sergeant is lecturing members the 202nd anti-aircraft artillery p, which shares the Broadway ory with the high school band and tennis players, including Nancy O'Connell, the girl with the pony tail.

Only 15 years old and a sophomore at Highland Park high school, Nancy has astounded tennis followers here and on the East Coast with her victories over older rivals. At a tournament last December in Brookline, Massachusetts, she won both singles and doubles championships in her own age group—the 15-and-under division—and in the juniors—for girls up to 18. That was the first time anybody had won four titles at the club in Brookline, but it was repetitious for Nancy, who had done the same thing at Knollwood in Lake Forest the year before. The scioness of a formidable local tennis family has also won adult championships, though not, as yet, against major competition.

The likelihood that she will do so one day is considered strong by no less an authority than Mrs. Hazel Wightman, donor of the Wightman cup, which, since 1923, has symbolized the rivalry of American and British women players. Mrs. Wightman has said, "At comparable stages of development, Nancy's game is as far advanced as Maureen Connolly's was a year before Maureen won the national women's championship."

The Broadway armory courts are managed by Nancy's father, George, a slim, gray-haired prototype of the genial Irishman. He won several Illinois championships and once teamed with George Lott to beat Bill Tilden

and Neil Sullivan of Philadelphia for the national intercity doubles title. ("And that's when Bill was good; he was mad, too.") Later he ran a ping-pong parlor in the Loop. Now he presides at the armory during the cooler months of the year and at the Exmoor country club in Highland Park during the summer.

Mrs. O'Connell once ranked sixth among local women tennis players and twelfth in the country in table tennis. The young star's older sister, Jean, 19, was promising at Nancy's age, but abandoned efforts to become a leading player because it was just too much work. George O'Connell follows the philosophy that determination and unrelenting practice separate the great players from the good ones, and his pupils have to knock themselves out or else.

Nancy plays under her father's experienced eye four days a week after school and on week ends. When she isn't playing she likes to sit around near the courts exchanging badinage with other racqueteers, especially her 14-year-old brother, George jr., and Mike Gordon, a Senn high student who George O'Connell sees as a threat in this year's state scholastic tournament.

Shy and reticent with strangers, Nancy kids tirelessly with her family and close friends. More than anything else, she likes to be herself. After warming up enough to talk to reporters, she doesn't hesitate to tell them she has a low opinion of their inquisitive profession. And she adamantly refuses photographers' requests to assume a false smile or take a pose that wouldn't be normal in tennis.

Tony Trabert, the professional tennis star, kissed Nancy once when she was eight years old. She didn't speak to him until she was ten.

Nancy stands between five foot five and five foot six ("It comes out different every time I'm measured"), and is of medium build, a little heavier in the seat and legs than in the arms and shoulders. She has a rather long face that is pretty—not cute—in repose and slightly comic when she laughs. Her eyebrows are long and level, her skin smooth, pink and free from adolescent blemishes.

She walks with something of a teenage lope, but gets around the tennis court fast and gracefully as if she had springs in her shoes. She swings a racquet powerfully and with flawless form, looking determinedly at her opponent as she follows through. When she hits one into the net, she murmurs, "Nuts."

She began playing at the age of 9, entered her first tournament at 11 and lost in the first round. Her emergence as a star in her age group was gradual, and she had arrived before many people noticed that she was about to. "Nancy always had nice looking strokes," her father says. "And by working hard she's brought her game along steadily. Speed doesn't bother her; there isn't a girl in the country that can hit through her. They might pass her, but they won't hit through her. She has an excellent forehand volley and a good backhand. Her service and her overhead shot need more development."

Nancy endorses her father's estimate of her stronger and weaker points, and if she is occasionally impatient with his persistent coaching, she neverthe-

George O'Connell — Don Bronstein ph

less asks her practice partners for sh that will enable her to perfect th overhead smash.

Nancy is a pretty good student Highland Park high school. "Thr B's and a C," she says with a shru "And look what I did in gramm school—97." She is also the sch ping-pong champion, a distinction s first won as a freshman. She rejec the theory that playing tennis on table can adversely affect the strok used to play it on the ground. "If y play right, they're the same thing."

She also likes basketball, but pla volleyball against her will: "I *hate* i She also hates the nickname, "Nan O," which has been bestowed sports writers in search of short hea lines and chums inspired by "Lit Mo," Miss Connolly's sobriquet. don't like any names except Nancy she says, then, lowering her voic "I don't even like that very well."

Nancy is likely to sit on a des dangling her legs and smacking h hands together in patty-cake fashi as she discusses her post-Highla Park plans. "I'll be a physical educ tion major unless I decide to major math. I love math." Tennis has be called a game of angles, but Nan likes it and geometry separately: never connect the two."

"I haven't the faintest idea whe I'll go to college," she says. "But it be somewhere south or west where i warm and you can play tennis outsi all year around."

Nancy's talent for repartee with t other youngsters around the armo is unlimited in quantity if not qualit "All Mike's good for is making re marks on tennis balls," she'll say young Gordon does that in order distinguish the ones that belong to t

Practicing in dark Bermuda shorts, Nancy seems to be flying through the air as she makes an overhead smash. Some of her opponents may testify that she does.
Don Bronstein photo

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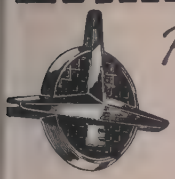
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courts from those brought in by customers. Or, "You know you're flat-footed, Mike." Or, "Mike dates eighth-graders; don't you, Mike?" Or, as they go out to practice, "I don't have any shorts to wear, but that's all right; I won't have to run against you."

This half-joking, half-serious confidence pervades much of Nancy's conversation about her game. "They're all afraid of me in the East," she declared shortly before leaving for her first national women's tournament in Boston. Her father riposted in the same vein, "Every time they give a meet with nobody in it, she can win. She needs to be taken down a peg. That's why we're sending her to the nationals."

Nancy got to the third round in the singles at that tournament, to the quarter-finals of the doubles and to the semi-finals of the mixed doubles. She was vocally remorseful about her loss in the singles.

"She should have beaten that girl," said George O'Connell. "She has better strokes, but she lost to experience. The other girl has been ranked among the first ten adult players in the country. But Nancy got some experience of her own; that's what she went there for."

Perhaps the most accurate estimate of Nancy's prospects has been made by Grant Golden, a former national clay courts doubles champion and a candidate for this year's Davis cup team, who often practices with her at the armory. Says Golden, "There are so many good tennis players today, so many that it's hard to say what will happen to a player like Nancy this year, next, or the one after. Actually, it's all up to her. Let's call it desire. If she really wants to be great, to be another Maureen Connolly, she must have that desire now and when the going gets tough. Also, she must win the close matches. If she loses the close ones she may lose confidence and the *desire* to be another Little Mo. It's all up to her."

While Nancy is determining her own future, under his guidance, George O'Connell has another comer in the person of the eldest of his three sons.

"Georgie was badly burned in an accident when he was eight years old," he says. "He still has a little trouble with one foot, and I've never tried to push him into going in for tennis. But he started hanging around here, and pretty soon he was starting to develop. He's irritated by the fact that he can't play as well as Nancy can yet. He can't take kidding as well as she can. But he's got terrific power and he's a lanky kid. One of these days, before very long, he's going to be a real threat." ■

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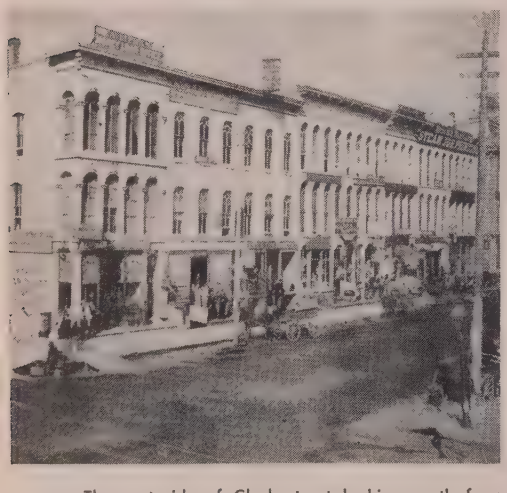
In this column are some of the sights seen by the society's first professional librarian, William Corkran, when he arrived here from the East in 1868. Above: Mahlon D. Ogden's great home on the present site of the Newberry library.



The east side of Clark street looking south from Madison. The humble shops with residences in the rear offended Corkran's sensibilities. He dismissed them as being typical of the West.

State street bridge represented the kind of primitive engineering and architecture that depressed Corkran during his short but eventful term of service with the society.

try to save the Proclamation would be too late for my escape, I next made for the basement door, stamped fire out of two bundles and canted back the trunk to escape. The strong suffocation from smoking bundles outside of basement door prevented. I then tore open the third bundle (smoking), snatched from it a shawl, covered my head and sprang out with [as] much speed as possible, leaving the door little open. I could not shut it.

At a glance I could see the steps overhead, the sidewalk, front fence, Mr. Girard cottage and every building south in one mass of blaze & firebrands flying furiously. My only escape was to the rear of Mr. Girard cottage in a midst of dense smoke. Not a moment to feel for the gate. With a bound upon a box or something next to the fence I sprang over the low picket fence into Dearborn street. At this moment a blaze, probably from Mr. Girard building, struck me with force. I felt it to my skin. I dropt my burnt shawl and ran to the corner of Erie St., following me in the middle Dearborn St. a bellowing cow with scorched back. Again another terrible blast of wind forced the poor cow out of sight in dark smoke to the east.

As I came to the corner of Dearborn and Erie street from the Society building, a woman was running directly east into the fire. I understood a woman was found burnt near there. At this moment a great blast of wind and smoke, seemingly a blaze of about 200 to 300 feet in length, perhaps 150 feet in height, passed nearly over me little to the right making N. E. diagonally, pouring the entire volume over two entire blocks into the top of the spire of the Church of Holy Name, situated east side of State street between Huron and Superior Sts. In an instant the top was in a blaze. There were moments I could see buildings appear to melt down from three to five minutes. Such sights I never saw before.

Had I known the speed and heat of the coming fire, I could have left my post at the basement door earlier and secured the records and Proclamation. The unprecedented calamity was beyond all of my experience. Another fact worth noticing. While I was on the high stone steps on Erie St., I saw the entire west side of the Society building in one great sheet of blaze burning apparently every brick. There was no woodwork on that side of the building.

In regard to others sheltered in the Chi. Hist. Soc. fireproof building supposed perished. If there, they would have been seen by me, unless they were hidden in the lecture room and in the wash room. It is fair to presume I was the last person [who] left th Chicago Historical building.

Fires have affected the history the Chicago Historical society eo more than they have influenced th city it serves. What little proper it had left after the disaster in 187 was stored in an office building at th south end of the Loop, only to be a most completely consumed in anoth blaze that razed 800 buildings 1874. But three years later the socie was making plans for a new home Dearborn and Ontario, and trying collect back dues to finance it. Th difficulties involved in attempting make such collections are described b the new secretary and librarian, Albe D. Hager. A violent railroad stri had made business men apprehens about contributing, or, perhaps, giv them a convenient excuse for faili to do so.

On the 4th of August, I started o to make the collection. First called Williams & Thompson's office to g their assessments. Norman Willia was east—would not be back t September. Thompson not in offic would be in a day or two. Called Isham & Lincoln's. Both gone ea Will be back Sept. 1st. Called at Sa ford E. Loring's office. Was out of office, getting ready to go east Monday next. Called on Genl. Sto ton. Was too much cramped for mon to pay anything now but taxes and t necessaries of life. Thinks well of t Society—glad it is being started a only regrets that he is not able no to do something for it. The Riots ha had the effect to stop dividends on R.R. stock.

W. W. Chandler, the newly in ated member, said he was very bad off—rioters having destroyed prope of the Line in which he had a lar interest to such an amount that stead of dividends there might assessments on the stockholders. said his line—the Red Star Line—h lost 105 locomotives and cars enou if placed in line on the road with lo motives attached, to make 18 miles length of cars & engines that had be destroyed by the rioters. . . .

Edward Goodman was out of to —would be back next Thursday. sends the *Standard* regularly.

Perry Smith says he paid $5 toward the building that was burn and he thinks that should constit him a Life Member—and therefo declined paying any assessment. .

J. V. Le Moyne says he has not money to spare now, but may have by & by. Likes the Society and w furnish more Cong. Docs. for Library.

H. G. Miller out of town.

aphs are by Walter W. Krutz of the Historical society, except: Gabby t by Chicago Daily News, Sally Rand d Press, 1954 fire by Chicago Tribune.

: Gabby Hartnett is mobbed after he hit "the home run in the dark" at Wrigley eld that led to the Cubs' 1938 pennant. The equipment he used in the game was ced in the Historical society. Center: Healy's painting, *Honora Sneyd,* was saved from the fire that devastated the society's property for the second time in three ears in 1874, but it was destroyed in the blaze 80 years later. Right: One of the special exhibits installed for the society's current centennial celebration—costumes of a hundred years ago.

T. Atwater not in office.
S. Critchell gave check for $25.
man Blair thinks he cannot spare money—had rather lose all he has than pay any more.
W. Jones says he don't belong to Society & never did. . . .

edication of the new building in 7 was, in one respect, strikingly lar to the ceremony that had ned its predecessor nine years be- Isaac Arnold, now president of society, speaks.

. . If Chicago, already so eminent any things, aspires to become also erary centre, and to irradiate the t valley of which she is the com- cial representative, she must foster liberal aid and generous appre- on her literary institutions; more, must encourage and honor men of ire, letters, and science.
er merchant princes must learn while it is something to build an ator, to make a harbor, to open a l, to construct a railroad, it is also ething equally honorable, at least, ound a library, to establish a col- , a university, or a school of learn-

hicago must not follow Carthage, Venice, or Liverpool, or Amster- , alone, as models; let her learn, from Alexandria, Athens, and ence. . .

he minutes of a society meeting in announce its receipt of a macabre bit.

Maj. Joseph Kirkland has enriched our department of local historical relics in the presentation of the supposed skeleton of John Lalime, which forms the subject of his paper tonight. Major Kirkland was introduced by the president, and entertained a delighted audience with a clear and ample statement of all known circumstances connected with the killing of John Lalime, "the little Frenchman," by John Kinzie, the first American resident of Chicago, in a personal encounter.

At the close of the meeting, Fernando Jones made some interesting remarks on the question of identification, confirming the conclusion that the skeleton presented to the society was that of John Lalime.

After the adjournment, some time was passed inspecting the supposed remains, and in pleasant conversation by the many old settlers and visitors present upon topics relating to early Chicago history. . . .*

In 1903, Fernando Jones, who had lived here since 1833, entertained the society at a special meeting attended by 400 members and guests. He spoke on "The Indians of the Vicinity of Chicago and Anecdotes of Early Settlers," wearing a costume presented to him by his Indian admirers more than 60 years earlier. The hardy pioneer was fond of writing verse, and his papers in the Historical society include several manuscripts in that medium, among which is this ribald relic:

We left the parlor early
  I think 'twas scarcely nine
And by a happy fortune
  Her room was next to mine.
Resolved like old Columbus
  New regions to explore,
I took a snug position
  By the key-hole in the door.

The maiden then disrobing
  Revealed her pretty breasts;
Two round snowy hillocks,
  All crimsoned at the crest;
And as she gently stroked them
  I softly cried, "Encore,"
But oh! she could not hear me
  Through the key-hole in the door.

She next unloosed her tresses,
  Of wavy chestnut hair,
Which fell in streaming torrents
  Adown her shoulders fair.
Then quickly she rebound them
  More firmly than before:
I watched the pretty process
  Through the key-hole in the door.

Then down upon the carpet
  She sat with graceful ease,
And raised her spotless linen,
  Above her snowy knees.
A dainty sky-blue garter
  On either leg she wore,
Oh! 'twas a glowing picture
  Through the key-hole in the door.

*For the full story of Lalime and his bones, see the September, 1956, issue of CHICAGO.

Now she the fire approaches,
Her little feet to warm,
And nothing but a chemise
Concealed her lovely form.
Thinks I, take off your chemise,
I'll ask for nothing more,
And faith, I saw her do it,
Through the key-hole in the door.

And next with nimble fingers
She dons her snow-white gown
And on her bed fair Jennie
Prepared to lay her down.
Upon a downy pillow
She gently lays her head,
The light was then extinguished
And darkness veiled the bed.

Ye dreaming men of science
Who strain your eager eyes
In gazing at the planets
That deck the distant skies,
Nature has greater wonders
Than are dreamed of in your lore,
And a telescope is nothing
To a key-hole in the door.

In 1938, the society proved that its concept of history was not a narrow one. How it did so is described by International News Service.

The mighty Casey who struck out may have to play second fiddle for posterity to the mighty Gabby who hit a home run.

The mighty Gabby, none other than Charles Leo Hartnett, the fellow who piloted Chicago's own Cubs to the 1938 National league baseball championship, hit his home run in the ninth inning of the Pittsburgh-Chicago game here on September 28.

The home run won the game for the Cubs and was the blow that more than any other single accomplishment clinched the title for Chicago.

Yesterday it was revealed the paraphernalia Gabby used in the game—his catching glove, mask, chest protector and shinguards, as well as the home run bat—have been given, upon request, to the Chicago Historical society.

These exalted objects will soon go on display in the society's museum, there to remind generations as yet unborn that Mudville's mighty Casey was a shoemaker compared to Chicago's mighty Gabby.

While it is pleasant to contemplate the reverence and awe with which the fans of the year 2038 may stand and gaze at these sacred relics of our own backward age, the thought comes that a glove, a bat, a chest protector, will not adequately tell the story of that historic moment on a September day in 1938, when 34,465 leading citizens of the time shouted themselves sick with excitement at the mighty Gabby's momentous feat.

We hope the museum will select one of the leading authors of our day to chronicle in stirring, complete terms, the story of that wonderous home run.

Remember? It had been a long game. The lead had changed hands several times. Finally, the ninth inning. The score was 5–5. The Cubs were at bat. As the sun fell behind the grandstand and darkness crept over the field, the Chicagos were making their last stand. They were half a game behind the first-place Pirates, but victory would boost them into the lead.

Up stepped Cub Number One—out! Cub Number Two—out! The officials looked over the dimming field. As Hartnett stepped up to bat it was generally agreed that the game would be called when the mighty Gabby made the third out. A tie game would hearten Pittsburgh, squelch the Cubs.

The mighty Gabby looked at the first pitch. Strike! Pitch number two —strike! The Cub cause seemed lost. Pitch number three—wham!

The mighty Gabby had hit a home run. The Cubs were in first place! Gabby, though he didn't know it, was in a museum.

Five years later the society proved that its concept of history was not that *broad. The accounts are from various newspapers.*

The plumes which fanned Sally Rand to prosperity will be preserved for posterity.

The same world-famous fans known from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli as the symbol of the thin difference between one lady's art and another's, will be turned over to the Chicago Historical society.

The idea was Sally's, it was announced yesterday. She thought, she said, the society would be interested in keeping a memento of the Century of Progress exposition, held in Chicago in 1933 and 1934. L. H. Shattuck, the scholarly, bespectacled director of the society, explained:

"The fans made history. They represented one phase of American life, and help to round out the picture for the ages."

Shattuck, somewhat awed, ventured the information that the shirt off the ostrich's back would be presented to the society Tuesday by the dancer herself. He felt the preservation of the fans represented a new trend in historical collection. He added:

"It means we're trying to get a broader view. Things we overlooked in the past are now becoming recognized as having a place in the historical picture of the world."

Those who remembered the f agree with Shattuck that the fans we overlooked, but definitely.

* * *

Sally Rand, the little girl with i big fans, charged today that the Ch cago Historical society has played "shabby trick" on her.

Originally, Sally had a date to jou ney to the society's headquarters North and Clark this afternoon a with fitting ceremonies present to t Society the pair of ostrich fans that lot of folks credit with pulling Chic go's Century of Progress out of t red in 1933.

But Sally won't be keeping th date.

Headed by President Joseph Cudahy, the society's board of truste met yesterday. At its conclusion t board issued this statement for t press:

"The board feels that the fans us by Miss Sally Rand at A Century Progress are not relative to the Worl Columbian exposition material now exhibition and does not believe th have sufficient historical interest warrant their acceptance by the m seum."

These bleak words were a far c from the jubilant press release issu by the society Saturday announcin that Sally and her fans would be w comed with open arms (somethi Sally never dared on the lake fron and that Sally's ostrich protecto would be given a permanent place record in the archives of Chicag lusty history.

Said Sally spiritedly: "This is shabby trick to embarrass me. If had sought publicity of this sort would deserve to be knocked dow But I didn't start this. A represent tive of the society got in touch wi with me and suggested I contribu the fans. I agreed. Later I saw new paper stories telling about the prese tation. The society put those ou I didn't."

* * *

The curator's office of the Historic society begs to differ with Miss Ra as to who originally thought the fa should be relegated to covering ba spots in museum showcases. A pre agent called the society, the office r ported, and volunteered the fans. first, the office said, the idea seem sound, but the trustees thought othe wise—it was simply fanatical, they d cided.

Sally, who admits to 39 years b looks 30, even without makeup, tosse a blond wisp of hair behind her e and looked dreamily out the windo

"I wonder," she meditated, "wh that outfit would have done if E had offered them her fig leaf?"

Gimp Gets the Bird

illustrated by Carl Schranz

ook a year of sewing tobacco s into bedspreads for his fel- cons, before the lonely chicken f was able to purchase a pet ary.

tory by Paul Warren

ack in the days when penologists were more honest and used the l "punishment," inmates of the ois prisons had many advantages their present day brothers-in- e, who are locked up in order they be "rehabilitated."

any sections of the enormous nds inside the walls of Stateville, state's model "rehabilitation cen- were taken over by these oldsters heir private use. On these plots round prisoners were allowed to vegetables and flowers. They crude shacks of old refuse lum- and empty crates and spent a deal of their time raising rab- or breeding canaries. Some of e more fortunate "stir farmers" their produce to other inmates hadn't enough time in to rate s and who wanted to supplement meager diets or add to their cells ures other than jail birds for com- .

veryone liked this idea, even the ds, whose salaries weren't too . They enjoyed fried rabbit and , too.

mates used to look forward to the oning or paroling or even dying ese old timers, so that their own ces of getting farms would be ered.

ith money they made the farmers d outfit their shacks with porta- adios, hot plates on which to cook ucculent stews, improvised cots on h to dream of the gradually for- en outside world.

great deal of gambling and other dden activity went on behind walls of these shacks. However, they served to keep the men more satisfied and less prone to blow their collective tops in riot, so the guards often preferred to ignore these violations.

Some of the farmer-trader-gamblers were so successful that they were able to ignore the inmate dining room completely and were only seen by their keepers in late afternoon when they were locked in their cells or early morning when they were let out. "Politicians," they were called.

Unfortunately, when I first entered Pontiac in 1934, this system had been done away with. However, as time dragged slowly by I learned the ropes and maneuvered myself into an easy job in the library, where I spent much time drinking coffee stolen from the kitchen and listening to stories of old timers as they dreamed of the dear dead days beyond recall.

They lived in dread, waiting for another new rule that would rob them of one more privilege. No longer could they deck their cell walls with pictures of their favorite actresses in bathing suits in frames they wove with cellophane from cigaret packages. Homemade rugs of string and rags came off the floors, leaving only the cold grey concrete.

Easy chairs that some of them had managed to get made in the furniture factory were confiscated. Bed spreads that had taken hours to make out of empty tobacco sacks that had taken months to gather were now contraband and, because only one sheet was issued to a man, they had nothing to keep the coarse blankets from scratching their skin.

Garden plots and shacks and ani-

mals and birds were only dim memories. In their place graveled yards appeared, neatly separated by wire fences to keep prisoners more and more segregated. In Stateville, where I was later a guest (the rehabilitative process somehow having failed to work), much of the grounds were turned into huge lawns and beds of beautiful flowers. Groups of clubwomen, fraternal organizations, the American Legion and so forth who visit these places regularly never fail to be awed by the beauty of Stateville. But to inmates, who think of these people as "rubberneck tourists" who would be better off going to the zoo, all this horticulture is nothing but a reminder of the hot nights of summer. So much water is needed to keep the foliage green and fresh that water pressure is lowered in the cellhouses and inmates, especially on the top tiers, get none to drink. These lawns are dotted with "keep off" signs, and cons stoutly keep any longings for a scamper on the greensward checked. They know that such a wild gambol would result in five days in solitary confinement with its bread and water diet.

However, stories of the good old days often served to keep the boys from blowing their stacks completely. Of course there were a few "hot heads" who foamed at the telling of them—men who for some strange reason still believed that man had dignity and should be shown respect even while being "rehabilitated."

One such man I will call "Gimp." His story happened before my time, so you will have to accept or reject my sixth- or seventh-hand account of it.

Gimp was a poor con. He had no friends outside to send him money for the luxuries of life, such as tobacco and toilet articles. Never in all his fifteen years in prison did he receive a letter. He was a lonely old man at 45, grey and bent and with a perpetual frown on his prison-white face.

He had been convicted of stealing some chickens from a neighbor's farm. He was arrested when he went to sell them at the town butcher shop. After he had served eight years or so of his one-to-life, he tried to make it over the wall in broad daylight. He thought that if he calmly walked into the paint shop and picked up a long extension ladder like he had business with it, nobody would object. He did manage to get it over to the wall before some guard asked him what he was doing. The parole board reviewed his case, and Gimp was set back another ten years. So at the time of this story he was almost resigned to a life inside.

At that time there was a lively market in canaries. Prize warblers sold as high as five bucks cash, a hard-to-smuggle-in commodity, or six and a half in commissary supplies, the rate being about a buck and a quarter in tobacco for a buck in cash.

Gimp had neither, so he went into business to raise the price of a canary. He took in laundry, sewed endless rows of tobacco sacks into yards and yards of bed spreads. A few sacks of the most popular smoke, Bull Durham, a week, and he'd wash your socks and underwear. And, since his spreads were well made and of double thickness, he'd get as high as thirty sacks for one. He learned to go without his Sunday pork chop, for which he could get two or three sacks, depending on how hungry the other con was.

Every once in a while there was one of those periodic shakedowns that catch everyone unprepared by failure of the grapevine, and Gimp's hoard was reduced to the legal ten sacks allowed each man. Then he'd have to start all over again.

However, he did manage, in a year, to save the necessary amount for a bird he had long been drooling over. He had never heard it sing, but then it was only 80 sacks of Durham. It was the most beautiful shade of yellow you've ever seen on a bird.

It was a great day for Gimp when he marched down to the shack of the bird dealer and dumped all that tobacco on his cot and took the bird off with him. He wasn't a very sociable guy, all agreed. But the struggle he had to buy that bird caused a lot of cons to be secretly pulling for him. There were many smiles as Gimp walked through the yard with his bird held tightly against his chest.

Gimp had also saved enough to buy a grass cage for Mildred, as he cided to call her. When he got to cell that afternoon, a lot of cons w waiting. They stood outside look through the bars as he put the b into the cage. Would it sing? They waited to find out.

One bird-fancier claimed that Gi had bought the wrong kind of se that only a type that had marijua in it would make a canary sing go and loud. Another argued that t was pure bunk, that he had bou that particular brand of seed and b crunched it up and smoked it, chew it, even made a solution by cookin and had injected it into his vein hadn't gotten as high as a inch off ground. Still another chimed in t in his opinion they were all wrong. fed his Dickie mainline chuck. I was good enough for him to sing it was good enough for the b There was something else said ab the only singing this last con had e done was in the courtroom.

But by then the bird they were watching began to behave very pe liarly. It seemed not to like the ca and was flying frantically about i very un-canary-like manner. It emit a strange squawky sound that was from the trill that had kept Gim dreams so happy while he was sav for it.

Everybody stepped back from vi because they felt that the crowd mi have frightened the bird. On e side of the cell a man stood flatte against the bars, peering in and rep ing in whispers the goings on in cage inside the cage. Gimp sat on very edge of his bunk looking s Then the bird calmed down and be to peck at the seed. It ate quite a too.

Gradually the cons outside gathe around in full view and watched the bird switched its attention to cup of water. First it drank so then decided on a bath. Gimp smi broadly, not caring how much wa was splashed on him. When the b had finished and stepped back on tiny perch, there was a sudden sile punctuated only by a whispe "damn!"

The beautiful color was chang as more and more water drenched feathers. The bright yellow was ing way to dull brown. Mildred nothing but a dyed sparrow.

Gimp himself died soon after th but, the story goes, he never took bird back to the dealer who sold i him. He got himself some water ors. Every time the bird bathed Gi would carefully repaint it. And wh more, he swore up and down that bird sang to him every single ni when no one else was near.

Oriental Fantasy

drawings and notes by Tina Proctor

My abode is not the Taj Mahal, but when I slip into my oversize terry robe, relaxed from my tub, and lazily stroll into the living room, collapse in front of my do-it-yourself mosaic tile coffee table, and have a spot of tea, I can very easily dream myself into an oriental princess. This is no age regression, but the effect of the oriental trend, in home decor, these past few years. Now I'm equally gone on fashions adapted from oriental motifs.

In contrast to the more intricate, tailored and sophisticated dress of the past few years, we are taking seriously this season the simple, natural and draped costumes found in India and other points East.

From India come sari and dhoti and such—the pan-ung of Siam, the comboy of Ceylon and the sarong of Java.

Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs and Parsis are distinguished by the cut and arrangement of their dress, while the residents of the south of India have a penchant for more brilliant colors than do those of the north.

Cottons and silks, remarkable for fineness of texture, with characteristic patterns woven, embroidered, printed or tie-dyed, are used by all. In the colorful embroideries metal thread plays an important role, while tiny pieces of looking glass are ingeniously embroidered into many of the designs, giving an interesting sparkle and sharp highlights.

We do not adopt costumes from our

which is wound around the loins, th end passed backwards between th legs and tucked in at the waist, lik the panung of the Siamese.

The most important article of attir for the Hindu woman is the sari. bright scarf measuring a trifle over yard in width and about six yards i length, wound around the waist t form a full, long skirt, then brough up over the left shoulder. The fre end is carried over the head and al lowed to fall over the right shoulde and side.

The sari, usually the product of th hand loom of the household, is mad of fine cotton, silk or a mixture of th two fibres. Across one end and alon both sides is woven a narrow borde in gold threads, the other end, the on exposed to view on the right shoulder having a rather wider border.

White embroidery on oriental colored linen makes an elegant coat and is worn over a pencil slim sheath.

Pure linen embroidered play clothes. Extra separates include both straight sheath skirt and full one. These are available in soft beige, black or navy.

oriental sisters only, but take a few notes from the male species.

Characteristic of the typical Hindu masculine costume are the long strips of cloth that are draped about the hips and waist as a loin cloth, about the head as a turban. The Bikini bathing suit may originally have been taken from the first garment mentioned, the dhoti, of white cotton,

Pure silk sheath dress. Brilliantly colored floral designed pattern, delicately outlined in gold on a white background. This outfit is complete with a sari stole.

Ali Pasha jacket, jewels on white background and outlined in gold. This is a must for that important evening. A Ceil Chapman original.

When the sari is not drawn over the head a sheer veil, orhna, covers it. Hats are entirely foreign to the native Hindu woman's costume.

Here again we do not hesitate to lift a fashion or two from the male. We wouldn't feel completely dressed without a hat. The draped hat lifted from the turban may be a pointed number from Siam and, of course there's the adaptation of the coolie hat.

Indian Pageantry Kashmiri Cottons: The sun worshipper's favorite, with an oriental flavor, designating special interest in the use of border design, camisole top sun-dress with gently full skirt. For the beach, Rajah beach coat, closed with frogs and slitted hem. Fashion for things oriental extends right to the water's edge. The bathing sheath is closed with frogs at one side and also slit at the hem. The Indian prints are predominantly earthy red.

uses her fabulous skill the sari (upper right) particular taste. What more intriguing than eparates — cashmere and sari skirt, purest uxuriously embroidered d threads. The sweater d from the finest cash- appliqued with the tif, the same as in the e skirt is flirtatiously ending with a heavy rder. Each sari dress by has a different motif, ore exciting than this blue and gold dinner cloud-like sheer silk ver a sari silk with a border detail, at the and again at the hem.

Tina Leser displays her own distinctive touch in choosing chrysanthemum tapestried damask cotton for this charming lounge costume. Flat rounded shoulder with special attention to the piping cord on the long slim Chinese coat; this, too, has slits at the side and is worn over a beautiful cover-up, ending with tapered trousered legs.

This Oriental fashion trend is so strong and important that the head of one boulevard specialty shop travelled to the Far East with the famous shoe designing team, Herbert and Beth Levine.

Beth Levine designs and Herbert sees to it that her design and color suggestions are followed through at the factory.

Beth was the first with the backless slipper, as well as the beautifully tapered Jordan heel.

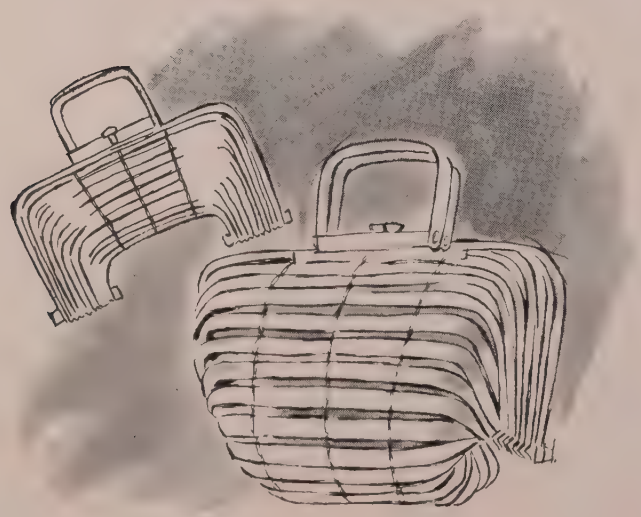
As a result of their trip through the Orient, this spring and summer, our feet will look handsome, coming and going, with the most concentration on the heel. Most of the interest is in the use of multicolors plus jewels, with the accent on true oriental colors—parakeet greens, Ming blues and royal oranges with pink.

Imagine using finely woven bamboo, and, believe it or not, real egg shell inlaid, like fine mother of pearl. This is done by artists in Japan, the egg shell secured to the heel. A high luster is added by polishing.

Don't be surprised to see gold cloth for daytime wear.

Although the accent was on footwear, the Levines brought back many treasures that will appeal to feminine hearts. Some of the articles, such as a silk sari heavily laden with gold, will be available for those who would like a dress fashioned from the original.

Collapsible bamboo handbag, lined with colorful silk scarves.



There are also bags made of bamboo from Japan and cloth bags from the Shan people in India. Incidentally, the cloth bags have different designs, each representing a family clan, reminiscent of the Scotch Highlanders, but entirely oriental in execution of design.

This oriental fashion influence is so appealing that it will last as long as the Ming dynasty did or:

明色の

which means that oriental fashions are here to stay. ■

For further information on these fashions, call: service department, MIchigan 2-6570.

Insull & I

A La Salle street lawyer tells how an infallible stock market system made his bank account rise as the great utilities combine fell.

by Edgar Bernhard

International News photo

amuel Insull

In the years immediately following 1929, Samuel Insull and I made a of money. We made it in the stock rket—in Insull Utilities, Corporation Securities, Commonwealth Edison—nd several other stocks in which Insull and I had interests.

I should explain that he didn't know out me at all. Nevertheless, I knew out him. And I feel justified in linking our names together, since we were interested in the same securities at the same time.

There were, of course, several differences between us, such as that he was undoubtedly operating with larger sums of money than I. But a more important difference was that in all my plunges in Insull stocks over a period of two or three years, I never lost a dollar—and I am sure Insull must eventually have lost several. This perhaps explains why he fled to Greece and I stayed here.

It all began in 1929, within a couple of weeks after the October market break. Walking along La Salle street about ten o'clock one morning, I noted with some surprise that beyond a glass door marked "Insull Securities Company," a flourishing business seemed to be going on. I entered, merely out of curiosity, and looked around. A comely young woman explained in response to my question as to what was going on, that the people at the counter were buying stock in some of the Insull companies, and that they

Bus Station photo

Edgar Bernhard

came here instead of going to their brokers because here they could buy without paying any commission.

"At what price?" I asked.

"At last night's close."

I thought that rather odd, since stock is hardly ever sold on such a supermarket basis, and certainly not at a price which no longer prevails on the open market. I learned later that

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CHICAGO CUBS
and WHITE SOX
home day games
on . . .
WGN-TV
Channel 9

Game Time 1:25 P.M.
Batting Practice 1 P.M.
Leadoff Man 1:10 P.M.
10th Inning 3:45 P.M.

Insull was offering stock in this unique manner in order to encourage the broadest possible distribution of shares. He felt that this would be good public relations in general and, more specifically, would discourage public complaints about utility rates.

After glancing once more at the busy office, I left. It was only on the way back to my own office that what I had learned began to cause me to speculate—though not in the market as yet.

There followed, in the next day or two, a series of telephone conversations between me and the Insull Securities office which finally culminated in my putting in an order for two hundred shares of one of the Insull stocks. That order was followed during the succeeding months and years by a long succession of similar buying orders. I bought Insull Utilities, Peoples' Gas, Commonwealth Edison and Corporation Securities in blocks of fifty to three hundred shares at a clip—and kept on buying all through that post-1929 period when all those stocks were slowly sinking.

Yet I kept on making profits. If only Insull, that financier among financiers, could have come off so well as I did, he could have saved that trip to Greece!

I had discovered that I could put in a tentative order over the telephone, early any morning, for one or another of the Insull stocks (and sometimes there was a choice among three or four) at the closing quotation of the day before—and that I did not have to pick up the stock or pay any money down or even sign the order or bind myself in any way, until eleven a.m. or later, sometimes as late as noon.

I could call the Insull office at about nine o'clock, give my name and address, and explain that I might want to buy a hundred shares of, perhaps, Corporation Securities, at yesterday's close, and that they should put me down for it, but I was not sure yet that I could get the money together.

I gave my order to the same young woman each time, and she came to know that although it often happened that I phoned her later to cancel the order—it also happened very frequently that I would come walking in later in the morning to close the purchase. Closing the purchase meant actually signing an order and paying the full purchase price, without commission. About two weeks later a stock certificate would be mailed to me.

As you are probably already aware —but as Insull was not—I never completed one of these purchases without first having sold an equivalent amount of the same stock on the open market, through my broker, at a higher price. If the stock did not go up that morning

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rely cancelled my purchase, in- of completing it. If the stock up as much as a point (provided appened early enough so that I I could still complete my pur- through the Insull office) I ptly sold it—through my broker— he moment I had his confirmation e sale, I would go scooting into nsull office, sign up for my stock ay for it.

I carried this game along, other rtunities grew out of it. On sev- occasions, after I had sold the (through my broker) I noticed he market was falling and I then hed the quotations and put in a order (also through my broker) n an hour or two of my sale, making my profit without putting y money at all. While that selling buying transaction was being pleted, I still had what amounted option on the stock by way of earlier phone call to the Insull e. When my short sale had been e and safely covered by my pur- e, I would then call the Insull and tell her I was not going to that day.

ne memorable day, I remember, I Commonwealth Edison early in morning, and bought it in again en points cheaper about two hours , without having to complete my ion" at the Insull office.

nly one thing stood in the way of becoming a millionaire—insufficient tal. On every purchase I com- ed—except on those occasions n I sold and then bought in again ugh my broker—I had to leave my ey tied up for about two weeks, l my certificate came through. y then could I deliver it to my ker and get from him the proceeds my sale, because those proceeds e always withheld by him until I ered my sale by delivery of the ificate. This meant that after I had through several deals I ran out of tal and I had to stay out of the ket until a certificate would come ugh.

was already borrowing on the only stantial collateral I had, and I efore proceeded to approach my nds—one at a time—suggesting that y let me put their money into my k deals and divide the net pro- ds with me. Not a single acquaint- e to whom I outlined my plan was ing to join me. Even careful exam- tion by them of the little book in ch I had kept track of every trans- on and which showed profit after fit and never a loss, only resulted their saying, skeptically, "It's too od. There's something wrong with You'll get stung some day."

Some of those who were not inter- ed explained to me that they were not taking any chances, but were buying Insull stocks outright.

Of all the people I approached, the only person who was willing to put money into my plan on a half-and-half basis was a woman who had long had a strange, unquestioning faith in me—my mother. Together we continued to make money in these stocks until the Insull empire collapsed—including the most important part of it to me, the Insull Securities company.

There were two sequels to my market adventures. About six months after the Insull debacle I saw coming toward me along La Salle street the young woman who had sold me most of my stock. As she was about to pass me, I stopped her and greeted her.

"Oh," she said. "I didn't think you'd talk to me."

"Why not?"

"All that stock you bought! You must have lost your shirt."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I came out all right."

"Oh," she sighed with relief. "I wish I had known that long ago. I've often thought about all those purchases of yours, and I felt terrible about the whole thing."

A few weeks later, I picked up some securities at the cashier's window at my broker's. "Look," he said, "maybe I shouldn't say anything about it but here in the cage we were awfully curious about the way you kept selling Insull stock all the time it was sliding down. We figured it would go back up and you'd get caught. But it never did. You had inside information, huh? Or were you just lucky?"

"Just lucky," I said.

And I certainly was. ■

THE LITTLE SWAMP

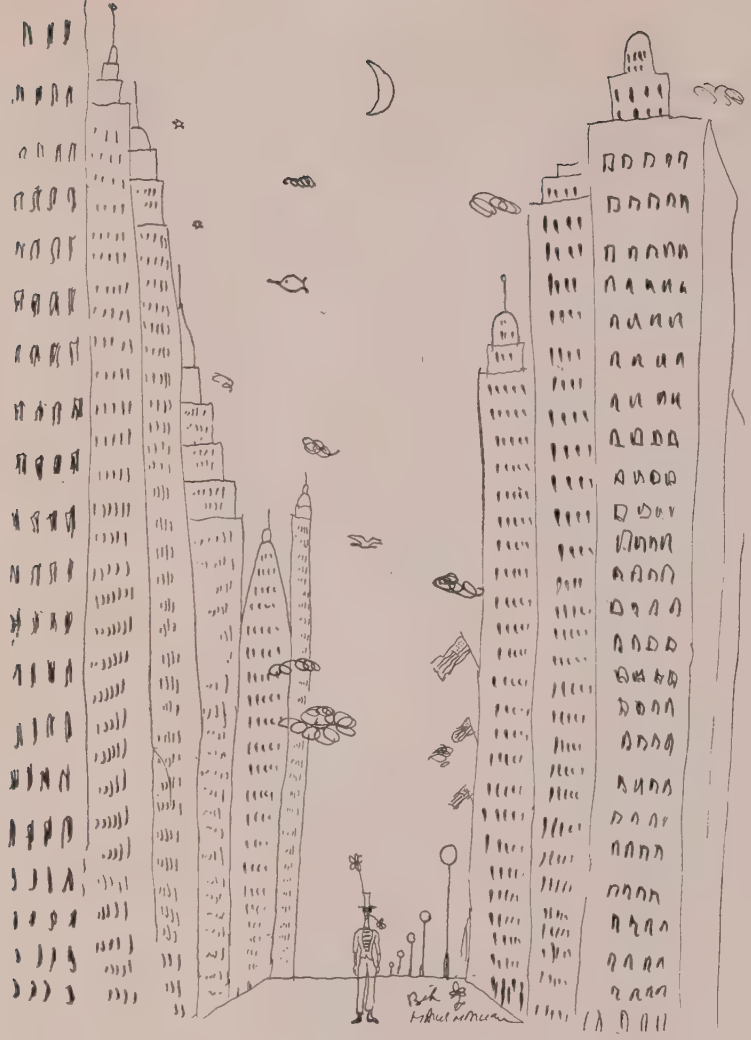
Here where all ways are insect,
Noon, when all business seems
Flight after flight, when weft
Is mostly like glassy dreams,
We watch a small wing flying,
We see a small leg trying,
We feel a small back prying
A world asleep in streams.

Right here, which moss of blossom,
Or eyed elbow of vine
Centers the thing? What grape-brooch
Along the tendril tine
Can rule the wizard rushes,
Make camouflages luscious,
Call the dives out of brushes
To make the ripples shine?

Guiding their glass in planes,
Insects of one flight fly.
Summer. Their lap makes veil;
Gauze floats, one wing of dye.
Fingers of things, new fated
Go meet or go unmated,
Fall where an egg was freighted
Without a sign or sigh.

Some sunken grin, some tears
That seem to be of trees
Make minutes into years.
Slow things go at their ease.
What claws construct the hours,
What colors of the flowers
Seem like small things, what powers
Try to seem not to seize!

—Reuel Denney



As Seen by Marcel Marceau

BIP à CHICAGO

The *type triste* in the drawing above is a poetic French clown, who with French logic has a flower growing out of his flower-pot hat. He is "Bip," one of the masterpieces of Marcel Marceau, the pantomimist who had the same success in this city last March that he has had all over the world. When not on stage, Bip (it appears from the drawings on this page) wandered about the city feeling lost among the tall buildings and dreaming about what it would be like to return to Paris by balloon (upper right) and take his barefoot ease among buildings of a reasonable height.

These drawings were made by M. Marceau at the close of his stay here and given to Don Anderson, the designer, whose "In & Out of the House" is a frequent department of this magazine. Judging by that reproduced above, one of the oddities Bip saw here was a swordfish sailing through the sky.

'o Gourmands 'eed Apply

y Sam S. King

he city's most exclusive dining group has two rules which are oulously honored on all occasions, one which is only breached in the nce of its president—or Sir Bacchus Corge R. Anderson. He is one of brothers who have presided over Vine and Food Society of Chicago its beginning, and he insists that 60 members abide by the rules nst smoking and drinking water at monthly feasts.

Inderson is a tall, white-haired, 74-old bachelor who converses as he ses, with a relaxed Edwardian ance, and enjoys defending the 's rules to non-members:

Smoking kills the taste follicles so can't enjoy food and wine. You're wing your money away if you eat l food or drink good wine after king a cigar or cigarette. And we t allow water on the table during meals because I don't think food uld be washed down with water. drinks wine—not water. In ope one never drinks water with a l. Only here."

he local group is modelled after London Wine and Food society, ch was started by a famous gour- and wine-expert named Andre on.

he Chicago society's leading spirit n it was founded, in 1935, was late Arnold Shurcliff, who had n the owner of the Wrigley build- restaurant and whose scholarly usiasm for food caused him to ure on the subject at Yale and to pile a 5,000 volume library on it. m the beginning Shurcliff had the tatory support of B. Bernhard and orge Anderson, sons of Swedish im- grants, who had risen to affluence arristers before attaining eminence on vivants.

n no time at all, they made the b a fraternal hobby. B. Bernhard, philologist of repute as well as a lawyer, was Sir Bacchus until his death 10 years ago. His younger brother, who, though retired from practice, teaches a course in contracts at John Marshall Law school, has held the position ever since, and was recently voted life tenure in it by his fellows.

Membership is limited to men, but once a year women are invited to one of the monthly dinners. (This year's took place April 10 at the Chicago Yacht club.) The society, because of its small membership, has a long waiting list.

"But we don't have much of a turnover in membership. Only when a member dies do we have an opening for a new one. However, to keep our prospective members interested, we invite them to an occasional dinner," said Anderson.

The members have one thing in common. All are gourmets. They all are expert in selecting and enjoying good food and good wine. Anderson likes to explain the difference between a gourmet and a gourmand: "A gourmet is one who likes good food and wine—but not too much. The gourmand gorges himself. We have no fat men in the society."

The menus for the society's dinners are carefully prepared about two months in advance.

"Our members are business and professional men who get around a lot," says Anderson. "They attend many social functions and are in a position to eat well-prepared and interesting meals in exclusive dining places. Generally our menus are selected by our board of governors on the basis of the best meal they have been served during the month."

The society's dinners are consumed in a different restaurant or private club each month. At the end of the year, a plaque is presented to the place that purveyed the best meal. "As you can well imagine, the restaurants are very anxious for that plaque," says Anderson.

After the eating place is selected, several members of the group, including Anderson, Col. Leon Mandel, the society's Cellarer, and Miller Adams, its Chief Cook, meet with officials of the restaurant or club to plan the menu. Colonel Mandel, as Cellarer, selects the wines—a different one for each course.

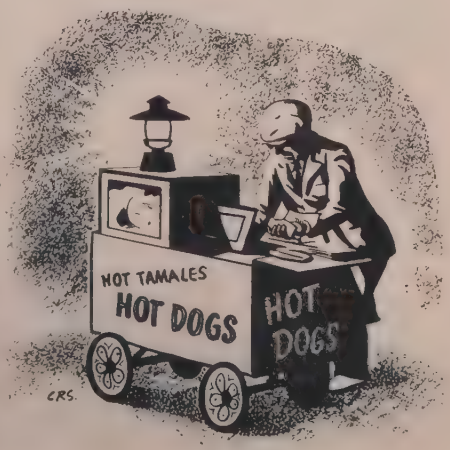
"And he should know," explains Anderson. "You know, he has 12,000 bottles in his own wine cellar. I once bet him that he couldn't name three different wines I had selected—they were a year apart. I lost that bet. He identified each one correctly."

The dinners are limited to only 40, including members and guests. "If we have more than 40, the chef can't really make a truly good meal. It becomes too big," Anderson points out.

The price of the dinners ranges from $15 to $20. Three-fourths of this amount is for the food and includes the tip and corkage (serving of wine). The other fourth is for the wine. "We buy our wine wholesale. The wine dealers vie with one another for our business. I suppose our patronage carries a lot of prestige," Anderson says.

"Some of our wealthier members call me the 'frugal soul.' That's because I try to keep the price of the dinner to a minimum. I try to remember that we have members who, although they are well off financially, really cannot afford to spend a large sum for a meal. So then our wealthy members may get up after one of our meals and try to explain the reason for what they consider the unpretentiousness of the wines or food by saying that the 'frugal soul' prevented them from having a more expensive menu or wines."

At the conclusion of each meal,



Colonel Mandel arises and tells the diners something about the wines they drank. Adams, the Chief Cook, discusses the menu.

A typical menu of the society was the one served at the February 14 dinner in the Chicago club:

The meal began with petite marmite, a French dish made of chicken and beef. It was considered the soup course. The fish course was stone crab, flown in from Florida especially for the dinner. Only the claws were served, with lemon and melted butter.

The salad was paper-thin sliced cucumbers.

The main course was braised baby lamb chops en casserole Parisien. With the chops were served an assortment of vegetables cut in the shape of marbles—about three quarters of an inch in diameter.

This was followed by a fresh artichoke vinegrette served cold and whole in vinegar with a few minced pickles.

The dessert was black cherry tart aux Kirsch. And a demitasse.

IN ADDITION TO THE BAN on smoking and water-drinking, the society has a rule that cocktails may not be served before the dinner. There are rumors that individuals have surreptitiously gotten around this by having a quick one or three at home, but nobody attempts to defy the rule in the presence of Sir Bacchus. Prior to the February meeting, however, he went further than he usually does to satisfy baser appetites. An aperitif called the "East India" was served—equal parts of sherry and French vermouth, as a sort of ersatz cocktail.

But the real enthusiasm of the members and their guests was reserved for the wines. The stone crab was accompanied by Ochfener Heppenstein Auslese, 1953, a Moselle from what had been the estate of the last kaiser. The 1953 was recommended as perhaps the finest of recent vintages by Paul Fromm, a local importer whose opinions are listened to with more than usual respect by connoisseurs.

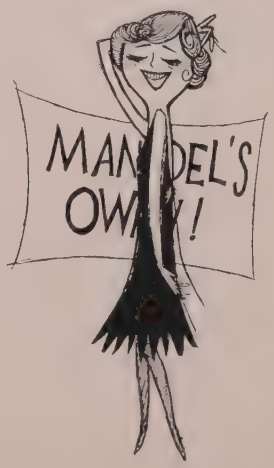
It was followed by a more standard choice: the famous red Bordeaux known as "Haut Brion" (a name which is supposed to be a French approximation of O'Brien, an emigrant who went in the wrong direction and ended up as a vine grower instead of an alderman). Ernest Recher, another authority of serious repute, produced for this occasion a few remaining bottles of the 1948 bottling, one of the three best of recent years.

Being traditionalists, the diners finished their meal with a dry champagne. ■

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. In May, 1881, a new ordinance went into effect providing that street cars must stop at the exact spot where any passenger wanted to get off . . . Another one prohibited future stringing of telephone and telegraph lines on poles and required all of those so strung to be put underground within two years . . . Jefferson Davis spent a day between trains walking around town while on a business trip to Montreal . . . The *Tribune* published a 16-page supplement containing the entire text of a recent revision of the New Testament . . . The Chicago Historical society dedicated a memorial tablet on the site of Fort Dearborn after "Long John" Wentworth had made an interminable speech on the history of the fort.

50 YEARS AGO. The *Tribune* started a new Sunday comic section featuring the translated work of German humorists in May, 1906 . . . Willie Hoppe, the boy wonder of billiards, set a world record by making 307 consecutive shots in a balkline match at Orchestra hall . . . Marshall Field and Co. began demolishing its old building at the northeast corner of State and Washington to make way for a new one. Foundations for the new structure had been installed before wrecking of the old one started in order to minimize curtailment of facilities during the improvement project . . . John A. Linn entered prison at Joliet after conviction on charges of padding payrolls while he was serving as clerk of the Circuit court.



25 YEARS AGO. War veterans who had been selling apples in the Loop were ordered to desist in May, 1931, lest they interfere with the All-Chicago Jubilee, a ten-day civic celebration sponsored by the Association of Commerce. Charlotte Gunkel, 217 north Kilbourn, was adjudged the city's most beautiful working girl and made queen of the festival. She was a model at Mandel Brothers . . . Dr. Albert A. Michelson, head of the physics department of the University of Chicago since 1892 and the first American to win the Nobel prize, died in California at the age of 78. His greatest scientific contribution had been measuring the speed of light . . . Walter A. Strong, publisher of the *Daily News*, died of a heart attack at 46.

erner

Small Town Columnist On the North Side

A formidable mover and shaker publishes a new collection of his community newspaper comments.

by Elmer Gertz

ITCH OF OPINION. By Leo A. er. Introduction by Carl Sand- g. Americana House, 227 pp. $3.75.

lmost every town in America with a newspaper (and there are r of them every year) has a lo- renowned columnist or editor captures the spirit of the commu- To outsiders, the man may be a rd, fit only for the edification of ls. But now and then the town e Emporia, Kansas, and the news- r scribe resembles William Allen te; and then the local becomes the ersal, and the world enjoys a new onality.

Chicago we have our own Wil- Allen White, of lesser height but der at the beam, like Alexander llcott. He edits a chain of neigh- ood newspapers, and his name— A. Lerner—has an aura of famili- . The city knows him as chairman he board of trustees of Roosevelt ersity, as founder and first chair- of the Independent Voters of Illi- , cochairman of the first citizens mittee to advocate the drafting of i E. Stevenson for president, for- chairman of the Citizens Schools mittee, and as generally a stirrer he pots in civic affairs. When Ler- moves and shakes, liberals gener- ally move and shake with him; for his physical, intellectual and spiritual build is of the dimensions that cause tremors.

Not everyone knows him as a columnist outside the "towns" on the North and Northwest Sides where his papers circulate, but that lack should soon be made up if this collection of his best pieces receives the attention that it deserves.

For years Lerner has written twice a week what he styles "The First Column," and often it has taken up more than one column in his newspapers. For Lerner is the kind of writer and speaker and personality who spills out his substance in gleeful profusion. He will think in mid-air of a simile or a story, and it must be brought in, generally appropriately, but not always briefly. The similes and stories are wondrous in variety. They relate to food, drink, love, clothing and shelter, all the creature comforts that delight men who know how to smack their lips.

But his comments are not always loud or too often brash. For there is a subtlety in this man even when he is writing of the commonplace. He has an unfeigned love not only for men, women and children, in the mass and above all as individuals, but for animals and birds and bees as well, and trees and flowers, all that grows with the seasons or bends in the wind or is illuminated by sunshine or darkened by clouds.

When he loafs about on his Wisconsin farm, or wanders on the roads and highways or on city streets, in Chicago or abroad, he is on the prowl for new sights and sounds and smells. When they are not really new, he transmutes them verbally. Lerner reveals himself in everything that he writes, not because he is particularly vain or self-centered, but because he shares with Thoreau and Whitman and other genuine artist-personalities the belief that he is a part of every man and every man is a part of him. If he likes popcorn, then everyone must pop with him.

There are surprisingly few political columns in this book, although politics is the meat upon which Lerner daily feeds. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that Lerner finds politics in everything and diffuses and spiritualizes it where others make it too obvious, narrow and coarse. Lerner writes of the kind of politics that is not imbibed in the ward offices by hack precinct captains. He thinks of government as being everybody's business, and good business at that, and Amer-

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icanism as being the faith that accepts differences joyfully and without calumny.

He expresses these thoughts in phrases that can be understood by streetcar conductors, scavengers and pants pressers, as well as by lawyers, doctors and professors. His column is read by this wide range of people, and there is no reason why this book cannot have a similarly broad audience, despite the mental blocks sometimes imposed by good paper and hard covers. Pulp is for the masses, but not necessarily pap, as Lerner proves twice each week.

Carl Sandburg, who keeps a file of Lerner's columns, has written an enthusiastic introduction to the book. He sums up in words that should be saved for what one hopes is a far-distant epitaph: "An editor, a traveler, a naturalist, a lover of children and trees, at home with big city slickers or small-time do-gooders, both metropolitan and country boy, Leo Lerner seems to be one of those rich Americans whose chief possessions no turn of fate can take away."

Sandburg lists about a dozen of his own favorite Lerner columns, and they are worth referring to because they are representative of Lerner's best. He likes a piece called "Malice Toward None" in which Lerner deals with our living in two worlds, the one of nature's beauty and the other of man and nature's violence, and, somehow, finding peace; a pen portrait of a champion cow that stopped giving milk and then, just as she was about to be slaughtered, renewed her beneficent white stream; some cogitations about the obligations of the newspapers to give us 3-D interpretive news, while preserving us from the occupational smattering of ignorance; a prose psalm of thanksgiving for those who love neighborhood newspapers so much that they advertise in them; a fable about a congressman who had a bill passed to abolish all organizations having the word "international" in their names; an analysis of the 22 GIs in Korea who preferred Communism to God, home and country; a sensitive retelling of the story of the sky falling down; his young daughter Rosanne's interview of her dad on the subject of bombs, in which both escape from their fears into the world of dreams; a spirited defense of pigs; a song in praise of the magazine *Gourmet* ("Delicate Essen Between Covers").

I would like to see others besides Sandburg select the best columns from this book. Our William Allen White—Alexander Woollcott, unlike the latter, helps put out the fires while Rome burns. He sets souls aflame, but spares that which is perishable. ■

CORK

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hitefish, boned
r 2 pieces of thyme
emon, sliced
aw carrot
rains raw pepper
ablespoon salt
easpoon wine or vinegar
old water

g ingredients, except the fish, to il in a shallow pan 1½ to 2 es deep. Place fish in hot liquid reduce flame. Let simmer slowly fish is tender, about 18 minutes. sauce:

p cream
rd-boiled eggs, finely chopped
lt and pepper to taste
aspoons of water in which fish as cooked

together and bring to a boil. e sauce from stove. Then add ggyolk, well beaten and some ped parsley and serve.

LUNDI, chef
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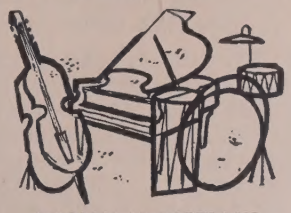

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Readers & Writers

Further Meditation On Fritz Reiner

Sir: Mr. Sablosky's fine article on Dr. Reiner's triumph [March] makes many good points and overlooks some others, including any mention of the generally high quality of recent Chicago symphony recordings. To say that the symphony is the very finest orchestra in the country is rather an overstatement; to say instead that it is now Victor's major recording orchestra would be quite true.

Sablosky

To mention one or two sections of the repertoire in which Dr. Reiner's touch is not quite as fine as we should like is simply to emphasize his success with the remainder. His Mozart tends to be too heavy handed, and in the case of the four symphonies recently recorded, uniformly too fast in regard to tempo. His Bach is contemporary in spirit and "instrumentation," rather than baroque. But his interpretations of the romantic and modern masters are superb; he is now the greatest exponent of Richard Strauss, to mention only one example.

In the light of his extensive experience as an operatic conductor, is it too much to hope for that we may some day witness some of his stage performances in Chicago?

P. L. Forstall,
Evanston

Lovely, Sexless Island

Sir: I was so amused at the "Love" and "Sex" listings in the Chicago telephone directory that appeared in your February issue [West of the Water Tower] that I looked up the same listings in the Manhattan directory. There is no Sex, but lots of Love in New York. The most interesting kinds are Blessed Mary, Faithful, Kindheart, Practical, Samaritan and Sincere.

Caroline Gilman,
New York

Request Granted

Sir: In your excellent magazine, I have noticed that the name of this institution is usually abbreviated to "Natural History Museum."

Our name, as registered with the secretary of state in Springfield, is Chicago Natural History Museum. Like yourselves, we are very proud of the name Chicago. I request that you arrange to have our full name us your magazine in future. I might the hope that it will be used as as possible.

Clifford E. Gr
Dir

Since Chicago *is the only nam have, we treasure it perhaps more than the museum does, bu will gladly share it henceforth.*

Something You Don't Like About Trees?

Sir: Your coverage of Burton in the March issue was lousy. photos of the interiors, and you terior shots illustrated nothing. completely missed all the charm creative architecture. Three ou four photos were a tribute to t You need a talented photographer above all an art director.

unsi
(possibly an aspiring art dire

We reserve the right to print signed letters and not to print si ones.

Literate Legislator

Sir: If it is possible, I would to have a copy of your March, 1 cover without the printing across center of the page. If you cannot me such a picture, I am going to your magazine cover framed as for my Washington office. It is al nice to put down for a moment official mail and look at your m zine, and feel right at home.

Charles A. Bo
Congressi
12th dis

Cultural Lag

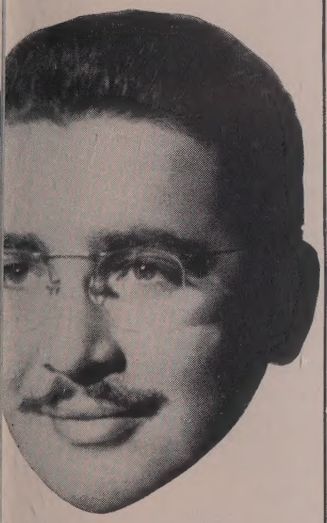
Sir: Usually merely a reader of ters to the editor, I am now m to become a writer of such lette protest against your lack of new Chicago's theater and concert ev

Chicago has played host to sev world-famous personalities from concert, ballet and dramatic field cently. Doesn't Chicago extend people the courtesy of even a s review, or perhaps an interview?

I am sure Chicagoans at home those in other parts of the states globe would welcome not only b ward glances on past months' ev in the theaters and concert halls, also a short write-up on forthcor events of more than casual interest

Joan Henn
New

FOR A
Happy
Snappy
Good
Morning



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Contributors

The cover was designed by John Reiss, who lives in Milwaukee and works for magazines in Chicago and New York. The photographs of the racqueteer and the camel driver are by Don Bronstein, that of the rabble rouser by International News Photos, and that of the redskin at the keyhole by the Chicago Historical society.

Marcel Marceau, whose self-portrait talents are revealed in this issue, has been the theatrical sensation of the year with his one-man pantomime show.

The photographs of *Grauman's Chinese on 79th Street* were made by Don Bronstein, who gets around.

Aurora's uproarious mayor is described by Bernard Asbell, one of CHICAGO's uproarious senior editors, and a folk singer of renown.

The subject of color television is illuminated by Jack Mabley, a valuable property of the *Daily News* who used to be its TV critic and now, as a uniquely temperate sports writer, plagues those arenas which lack sufficient drinking fountains.

Ed Smason, who tells about Nancy O'Connell, is a former *Sun-Times* sports writer now working as a press agent.

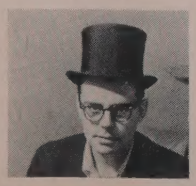
The ornithological adventures of convict Gimp are chronicled by Paul Warren who, under a different name, used to be a convict himself. His autobiography, *Next Time Is for Life*, relates his reform through the aid of psychoanalysis.

Paul Angle, whose history of the Chicago Historical society provided the material for our article on the same subject, is the director of that institution, and the author of a story, *The Dependent*, which appeared in CHICAGO last February.

Oriental Fantasy was created by Tina Proctor, who does not keep college students from cheating on exams but works in the fashion department of the *Tribune*.

If Edgar Bernhard ever decides to retire from pursuits like practicing law and outthinking financiers, he can make a living as a humorist. He is much in demand as a witty toastmaster for civic banquets.

Like Bernhard, Elmer Gertz, who reviews Leo Lerner's new book, is a lawyer active in many social causes.



Whitney

Alan Whitney, a senior editor of CHICAGO, wrote *The Onion Patch*, as is his custom. He also did the *Contributors* column and some other menial tasks.

. . . you'd ask, "Who are these Payntar people?" If we signed our work you'd see the name on ads for Florence Beach Candies, RCL Nuclear Reactor Controls, Shore Line Dry Cleaning Shops, the Do-It-Yourself Show, Beck Oil Co.—and many others.

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The Onion Patch

This is the season for the re-emergence of the most self-defeating advertising technique short of the old radio commercial that had that nasty brat whining for an endless stream of Salerno butter cookies.

About this time of every even-numbered year, cars break out in stickers urging the elevation of this or that precinct captain to elective office. It is hard to imagine a worse location for that kind of propaganda than on a vehicle which, in the normal course of events, will, justly or unjustly, offend scores of people every day of the campaign. If an Adamowski supporter fails to yield the right of way to a previously uncommitted pedestrian, chalk up one for Gutknecht. A Dirksen car wins a race for a parking space and Stengel benefits at the ballot box.

The only way for a driver to avoid torpedoing the candidate whose crest he carries is to proceed slowly and uncompetitively. And if he tries that in city traffic, he'll still be doing it when the polls close on election day.

AS A TYPE of the suburb swelling with refugees from the stresses of life within the city, Skokie affords a socio-political case study of the motives for this kind of migration and its essential futility.

The burghers there are distressed because certain tracts of land have been rezoned to permit construction of factories, motels, bowling alleys and other commercial facilities.

No attempt will be made here to judge whether the home owners are right or wrong in their objections to the particular rezoning moves that have taken place. But some of the comments made by the protestors would seem to indicate that a more basic issue is involved. One man "came to Skokie because I was trying to get away from industry." A group of parents opposed a motel because it would be "an undesirable influence on teen-agers." A recreation center was condemned because it might create "a drinking-dance hall nuisance."

The implication is that Skokie shouldn't have factories or dance halls or places of public lodging, but the fact is that a middle class municipality of 40,000 bodies needs these things. They shouldn't be haphazardly strewn through residential districts, but they have to be located somewhere, and somebody will probably have to live near some of them.

One reason Skokie needs commercial and industrial enterprises is that it must have tax money in order to provide the public facilities commensurate with its arrival as a thriving community. Small home owners and apartment dwellers can't support their governments properly on their own taxes alone. That can only be done in places like Winnetka, where small numbers of people live in large homes with high tax valuations.

Even if Skokie could get by without industrial and commercial tax revenue, however, it would be neither moral nor sensible for the village to do so. Skokie is one of scores of elements in metropolitan Chicago, and in metropolitan Chicago or metropolitan anyplace else, the principle of local option offers permanent solutions to no problems. For years Evanstonians have been doing their drinking in Skokie. Now, apparently, Skokians are to do their bowling and manufacturing and motel trysting in Niles or Morton Grove or someplace, with these latter communities meanwhile attempting to unload some of their "nuisances" on Park Ridge and Glenview.

The central thesis here is that metropolitan Chicago has to have factories and stores and taverns along with its homes and parks—and that this requirement cannot be evaded by flight or by each community letting its neighbor worry about it.

Chicago is presently engaged in a complete revision of its zoning code directed toward a harmonious geographical arrangement of the varied land uses that necessarily constitute a modern urban community. The suburbs ought to do the same thing, and they should do it in cooperation with each other and with the city.

The only alternative is a mutual exchange of blighting influences resulting, by 1980 or so, in a per
of suburbs around Green Bay,
and Centralia, separated fro
heart of the city by hundreds o
of abandoned slums.

A CITY COUNCILMAN in Gary has
that Lake county secede from I
and become part of Illinois. H
posal was prompted by the "sl
treatment allegedly accorded a
team in the state basketball t
ment.

His plaint cannot but ring a
this city, whose basketball team
consistently been treated shabbi
defeated) by their downstate
But it ought to be carried f
with the Chicago area seceding
Illinois to join the Gary dist
forming a brand new state. Th
both metropolitan communities
be spared paying the expenses
hinterlanders and getting little
in return.

This plan would not solve th
man's immediate difficulty, ho
It's an established fact that
basketball, even the urban ki
better than the Indiana type, a
we can offer our eastern neigh
that direction is even shabbier
ment.

A KID GOT KICKED OUT of Provis
school a few weeks ago beca
refused to part with a beard
grown for the Forest Park cen
celebration. This capricious s
sion has something to do with
the factors at the heart of the ju
delinquency problem—the refu
adults to let post-adolescent teen
be people.

The youth was exercising a pe
prerogative that didn't infrin
anybody else's rights, but h
thereby denied entrance to a
school. It would be equally j
refuse an adult the right to vo
cause he came into the polling
without a necktie on. But the
are only kids, and they're sup
to do what they're told, whet
not it makes sense. No wonde
occasionally feel like rebelling.

—Alan Wh